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RECOLLECTION.

A WAVE-WORN boulder, with green sea-moss
wrapping
A silken mantle o'er its jagged sides ;
And silvery seething waters softly lapping
Through gulfs and channels hollowed by the
tides :

A lime-cliff overhead, o'erhanging grimly,
A dash of sunlight on its breast of snow ;
The white line of the breakers, stretching
dimly
Along the narrow sea-beach down below :

The grey waste of the waters, with one slender,
Glimmering, golden ripple far away ;
The haze of summer twilight, sweet and tender,
Veiling the fair face of the dying day :

The measured plash of surf upon the shingle,
The ceaseless gurgle through the rocks and
stones ;—
No sound of struggling human life, to mingle
With those mysterious and eternal tones.

No sound—no sound,—a hungry sea-mew
only
Breaking the stillness with her little cry ;
And the low whisper, when 'tis all so lonely,
Of soft south breezes as they wander by :—

I see it all ; sweet dreams of it are thronging
In full floods back upon my weary brain ;
To-night, in my dark chamber, the old longing
Almost fulfils its very self again.

The dying sunbeams, on the far waves glinting,
Come like warm kisses to my lips and brow,
Soothing my spirit—all its grey thoughts
tinting
With tender shades of golden colour now.

Alone and still, I sit, and think, and listen,
Looking out westward o'er the darkening
sea ;
My seat the boulder where the spray-drops
glisten,
The tall white cliffs my regal canopy.

And, as I sit, the fretting cares and sorrows,
Weighing so heavy when the work is done,
The gloomy yesterdays and dim to-morrows,
They slip away and vanish, one by one.

Slip backward to the world that lies behind
me,
Ever by sinful footsteps overtrod ;
And in this unstained world leave nought to
bind me,
This sweet world, filled with the peace of
God !

Sunday Magazine.

ALICE CAMPBELL.

"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS."

HALF doubting in the dark we stand,
Longing Thy glance to meet,
And tremblingly stretch out a hand
To touch Thy sacred feet ;
Surely, dear Lord, we know Thee nigh,
Yet for a closer proof we sigh.

Our hearts are bowed by earthly fears,
Oh raise them nearer Thee :
Our eyes are dimmed by earthly tears,
Oh grant them sight to see :
Lighten our darkness, Lord, we cry,
That we may know Thee standing nigh.

Speak to each weary storm-tossed heart,
And let it hear Thy "Peace, be still ;"
Then never more from us depart
Whilst we our earthly days fulfil ;
Till on our spirit's glad amaze
Brightens the sunlight of Thy gaze.

Golden Hours. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

DAWN.

THERE is a solemn stillness in the air ;
The moon attended by a single star
Shines high in placid ether ; eastward far
Along the horizon's edge, there is a glare
Of orange brilliance, and above it fair
And paly blue the sky, without a bar
Of streaky cloud the pure expanse to mar,
Is tintured with the coming splendour.—
There !

The fulgent head springs, and a million rays
Dazzle ; my study-room is charmed with light,
A golden picture of its window plays
On the green book-case, and a shadowy wight
Behind me sits, and, as I turn to gaze,
Mocks all my motions like an elfish sprite.

Chambers' Journal.

TO AMELIA. (AFTER MR. FIELDING.)

I HEARD the ladies, with their candour strange,
Proclaim thy beauty quite beyond compare,
If kind Dame Nature knew but how to change
Thine eyes, thy mouth, thy figure, or thine
hair.

I too, presumptuous ! when thy countless
charms
Are thus decried, and blazoned thus to
Fame,
Would add another to these vague alarms,
And bid thee change, O heartless fair, thy
name !

Macmillan's Magazine.

C. F.

From The Edinburgh Review.

LIBRARIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

IN the year 1471, when Louis XI. wished to borrow a book from the Medical Faculty in Paris, he was required to deposit plate in pledge, and to get one of his nobles to join him in a guarantee for the safe return of the book. In the Paris of 1873 there is not one among the priceless volumes that fill untold kilometres of shelves in the Bibliothèque Nationale that is not at the command of the humblest applicant of honourable reputation. And in our own national library, at its first reorganization, so easy were the conditions of access, that, notwithstanding the lavish provision of space in its noble reading-room, it became necessary, in the interest of that higher class of readers whose wants mainly a great library must aim at supplying, to exclude, by fixing a limit of age, the "rush of young men from University and King's Colleges to the presses that contain the Latin Dictionaries and Greek Lexicons and Bohn's cribs." Both these extremes, no doubt, especially the first, are exaggerated types of the relative degree of accessibility of books in their respective periods; but, even when every due allowance has been made, the two periods are found to be separated from each other by a vast interval.

The intellectual history of that interval is in some degree represented by the History of Libraries, and Mr. Edwards has rendered an acceptable service to letters by bringing together in his "Memoirs of Libraries," and the two works, "Libraries and Founders of Libraries," and "Founders of the British Museum," which form its complement, the materials

of that history. It has been our wont in this Journal to review at intervals the progress of our own national library. Perhaps it will not be uninteresting to our readers, if we prefix to our present periodical survey of the progress within the last few years of the library of the British Museum and its great rivals abroad, a summary account of the libraries of other times, and of the nature and circumstances of book-collecting under the very different conditions of literature which then prevailed. These conditions, it is true, were so different as almost to render comparison impossible; but the very contrast of the conditions will itself be interesting, and will at all events be comforting to us in view of the advantages which we enjoy. Mr. Edwards supplies ample particulars for the purpose; but we shall freely combine with the materials which he has brought together, information drawn from the various bibliographical publications, periodical and otherwise, in every country of Europe, which have of late years elevated the study of books almost to the condition of a science.

The history of libraries is divided by Mr. Edwards into three periods, the ancient, the mediæval, and the modern.

The history of the ancient period, like most other branches of early inquiry, has its region of legend; and in its historical period itself, it is difficult, even where precise statements of facts are found, to separate the true from the apocryphal. No ancient writer has treated the subject of libraries professedly. Of the detailed notices of libraries which we find in the ancient authors, very few are contemporary, or regard libraries personally visited and known by the writers themselves. Thus Aulus Gellius, Seneca, Josephus, Eusebius, and others, tell us many seemingly precise particulars about the famous library of Alexandria; Plutarch is tolerably minute as to the collection of Attalus, King of Pergamus; and Strabo relates very circumstantially the fortunes of the so-called library of Aristotle, from its first formation at Athens to its transportation to Rome under Sylla. But it is worthy of note that, neither in these nor

* 1. *Memoirs of Libraries, including a Handbook of Library Economy.* By EDWARD EDWARDS. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1858.

2. *Catalogue de l'Histoire de France.* 4to. Vols. L-X. Paris: 1855-1870.

3. *Catalogue des Nouvelles Acquisitions de la Bibliothèque Impériale Publique.* I.-XII. 8vo. St. Petersburg: 1863-71.

4. *Ein Gang durch die St. Petersburger k. öffentliche Bibliothek.* Von Dr. R. MINTZLAFF, Oberbibliothekar an der k. öffentlichen Bibliothek. 8vo. St. Petersburg: 1870.

5. *La Biblioteca Vaticana, dalla sua Origine fino al Presente.* Per DOMENICO ZANELLI. 8vo. Roma: 1857.

in any other ancient writers, however minute and circumstantial regarding foreign collections, is there to be found a precise account, such as might be expected from an observant scholar, of any one of the numerous libraries, public and private, which are known to have existed in Rome during their time, and to which they themselves not unfrequently refer by name. Aulus Gellius, for instance, speaks of meeting friends in the Tiberian Library,* of making researches in the library of Trajan,† and of finding a book, "after a long search," in the Library of Peace.‡ But he does not say a word as to the number of volumes, as to the class or character of the books, as to the order of their arrangement, or as to the conditions on which they were made accessible to the public, whether in these or in any other contemporary Roman libraries. Suetonius records what each of the emperors did in founding or enlarging the libraries of his time, but he leaves us in ignorance as to the nature and extent of the collections themselves. Flavius Vopiscus actually gives the very press-mark of a book to which he refers in the Ulpian Library,§ but of the Ulpian Library itself he tells absolutely nothing. And it is a curious fact that the only Roman library of whose contents any enumeration is preserved, is not a public but a private one — that which Serenus Sammonicus, preceptor of the younger Gordian, bequeathed to his imperial pupil, and which is said to have contained 62,000 volumes.

Mr. Edwards has collected most of the details which have been preserved regarding the libraries of remote antiquity — the libraries of ancient Egypt; the more modern library of the Ptolemies at Alexandria (B. C. 290); the library of the kings of Pergamus; the libraries of Pisistratus, of Aristotle, and of Apellicon at Athens; and the much more numerous libraries of Rome, both republican and imperial, which, in the time of Constantine, amounted to twenty-nine in number.

Interspersed with these notices are many curious details regarding the founders, beginning with the perhaps legendary Osymandyas, King of Egypt, fourteen centuries before Christ. But the only questions as to ancient libraries which are important for this inquiry are those which regard the character of the books, and the probable number of the volumes which they contained.

It has been conjectured that the books of the early libraries of Egypt were chiefly sacred, such as Lepsius' "Book of the Dead" and Brugsch's "Sai-an-Sinsin;" but no doubt can be entertained of the cosmopolitan character of the Ptolemæan Library at Alexandria; and in its Roman period we may be sure that the Latin authors were not unrepresented. This is highly improbable, however, of the purely Greek libraries.

Roman librarians, on the contrary, considered a series of the Greek poets, philosophers, and rhetoricians as indispensable in their collections. The Palatine library, according to Suetonius,* had two distinct collections, Greek and Latin, with a distinct librarian for each; † and Tiberius ordered copies even of obscure Greek poets to be placed in all the public libraries of Rome.‡ The same is true of private collections at Rome. It is clear from what Cicero writes, both of himself and of his brother Quintius, that, although there was no regular market for Greek books at Rome, yet the Roman collectors eagerly sought to acquire them for their libraries, partly by purchase, partly by giving Latin books in exchange.§ In the post-Augustan age, the relative proportions of the two literatures were, perhaps, somewhat modified; but Greek still continued to be the fashionable literature.

A more curious inquiry, suggested by allusions to Christian writings in the Greek and Roman poets and humourists, would be, whether in the libraries of pagan Rome was to be found any representation of the uncouth and semi-barbarous

* Noctes Atticæ, lib. xvii. c. 17, p. 714.

† Ibid. xi. c. 17, p. 637.

‡ Ibid. xvi. c. 4, p. 859.

§ "Habet Bibliotheca Ulpiana in armario sexto librum elephantinum." (*Historia Augusta*, Probus. c. 2.)

* Suetonius, *Octavius*, 34, vol. i. p. 240.

† See Geraud, "Essai sur les Livres dans l'Antiquité," Paris, 1840.

‡ Suetonius, *Tiberius*, 70, vol. i. p. 522.

§ Ep. lib. iii. p. 4.

literature of that despised sect, which was destined before long to displace the established religion of the empire, in the world of letters as well as of social influence. Our means of judging are too scanty to warrant a positive conclusion; but we are not aware of a single ancient authority from which it appears that even the Christian Scriptures themselves, not to speak of the Christian apologists or polemic writers, were admitted to the honour of a place in any of the libraries of Greece or Rome.

The question as to the number of books contained in the ancient collections has been much discussed, but with results very little more satisfactory. The statements as to the number of volumes in the Ptolemæan Library at Alexandria are very various, ranging from 100,000, at which it is rated by Eusebius, to 700,000, at which it is fixed by Aulus Gellius.* Seneca† gives the intermediate number, 400,000. The library of Attalus, king of Pergamus, is said by Plutarch to have contained 200,000 volumes. All these statements, however, are of a date long posterior to the time which they regard. Of the libraries of Greece and Rome, hardly anything in the way of contemporary enumeration is preserved. For the former, indeed, there is absolutely nothing on which to found a judgment. Of the latter there are but two — both private collections — the number of which is recorded; the first, that of Tyrannion — a contemporary of Cicero, and mentioned by him in one of his book-hunting letters to his brother Quintius — which, on the perhaps questionable authority of Suidas, is said to have consisted of 30,000 volumes; the other, that of Serenus Samonicus, already referred to, of 62,000.

The first impression produced by these statements as to the large number of volumes in the ancient libraries, will be of incredulity, founded partly on the insufficiency of the evidence, partly on the notions which prevail regarding the comparative scarcity of books in ancient times. And unquestionably, as to the first objection, no one who considers how unde-

serving of implicit belief the most positive allegations as to the extent of the libraries of our own day have proved, when tested by actual enumeration, could think of accepting as conclusive evidence that the Alexandrian Library contained 700,000 volumes, the unsupported assertion of a single foreigner, writing long after the period to which he refers. But in reference to the second ground of incredulity, so much misconception has prevailed, that we think it necessary to say a few words in explanation.

The learned reader need not be reminded how wide is the difference between the ancient "volumen," or roll, and the "volume" of the modern Look-trade, and how much smaller the amount of literary matter which the former may represent. Any single "book" or "part" of a treatise would anciently have been called "volumen," and would reckon as such in the enumeration of a collection of books. The "Iliad" of Homer, which in a modern library may form but a single volume, would have counted as twenty-four "volumina" at Alexandria. We read of authors leaving behind them works reckoned, not by volumes or tens of volumes, but by hundreds. The works of Epicurus, as enumerated with their titles by Diogenes Laertius,* amount to 300 volumes. Varro — that "homo πολυγραφώτατος"† — reckons his own works at no less a sum than 490 volumes; and the works of Chrysippus, Epicurus's well-known rival, are said to have reached the incredible total of more than 700 volumes!‡ It is curious — we dare not say significant — that of the numerous works of these singularly prolific writers hardly anything has come down to our day, with the exception of Varro's treatise "De Re Rusticâ" and the Herculean fragments of Epicurus; so that we are unable to speak from positive knowledge of the extent of their so-called "volumina." But their number itself suggests the inference that they must have been very short; and the actual specimens of "vo-

* Lib. x. c. 26.

† Cicero, *Ep. ad Atticum*, xiv. 18.

‡ Septuaginta hebdomadas librorum, Aulus Gellius, iii. p. 14.

* Noctes Atticæ, vi. p. 17.

† De Tranquillitate Animi, c. 9.

lumina" discovered at Herculaneum fully justify the conclusion. Hence it will at once be understood that whereas a single modern volume might easily contain ten, or even more, ancient "volumina," the very largest assemblage of "volumina" assigned as the total of the greatest of the ancient collections would fall far short, in its real literary contents, of the second-rate, or even third-rate, collections of the present day.

The question, therefore, turns entirely into an inquiry as to the extent of the circulation of books among the ancient book-reading public, and the actual degree of the multiplication of copies under the comparatively slow and expensive conditions of book-production before the use of printing. And upon this subject the opinions of the learned have been of late considerably modified. In Rome especially, the character of the book-trade appears on examination very different from what is popularly assumed; and, dissimilar as were the conditions of book-production from those of modern times, there are many points of analogy between what may be called the publishing trade of ancient Rome and that of our own day. Then, as now, there were wealthy and enterprising firms or individuals, who stood between the author and the public, and who employed the cheap although tedious resource of slave-labour for the transcription of books, in what it is impossible not to believe must have been, at least occasionally, large editions. Cicero's friend, Atticus, employed his slaves to transcribe books for sale; and Martial's "bibliopola Tryphon" would appear not only to have had a profitable trade in selling the copies of Martial's "Epigrams," but also to have possessed something analogous to the modern copy-right in the works of the poet. So at least we understand Martial's reply to the request of his friend Quintus for a presentation copy:—

Exigis ut donem nostros tibi, Quinti, libellos.
Non habeo, sed habet bibliopola Tryphon.

It would seem, too, that this work of transcription was carried on upon a very large scale. Pliny, in one of his letters,* speaks of his friend Regulus getting a thousand copies written of a book which he composed on occasion of the death of his son; and when Augustus confiscated and ordered to be destroyed all the copies of the false Sibylline Books, the

number of copies destroyed was more than two thousand.* Indeed, it is hard to suppose that the general supply of books was otherwise than abundant, considering the comparatively low price at which copies of the works of even popular authors were sold. The first book of Martial's "Epigrams," which contains a hundred and nineteen epigrams, was sold in handsome binding for five denarii, within a fraction of three shillings; and in a cheaper binding for between six and ten sestertii, from a shilling to one and eight-pence. For the thirteenth book, which is about one-third shorter, the publisher charged four sestertii; but Martial, who had probably sold his copy-right, complains that this price is too high, and that a fair profit might be had by selling it for half the sum:—

Quatuor est nimium; poterit constare duobus,
Et faciet lucrum bibliopola Tryphon.

From these prices it may be fairly inferred that there was no scant supply of copies in the market; and besides the copyists employed by the trade, each large household had among its slaves one or more (called "librarius"), whose office was to copy books, and that even the ladies of the household had their "librariæ" for the same purpose.

Antecedently, therefore, there need not be held to be any improbability even in the largest estimate of the number of books which are alleged to have been contained in the ancient libraries, and which in actual quantity of matter would perhaps equal a modern collection of 60,000 or 70,000 volumes; but unhappily these estimates themselves are entirely hypothetical.

On the transfer of his capital to his new seat upon the Bosphorus, Constantine was not slow to establish a library suitable to the character of his new city. The library of Constantinople is specially interesting as being probably the first in which the Christian literature obtained a footing. It may well be doubted, indeed, whether Constantine's new library was not mainly designed for Christian books. These he caused to be sought out diligently in all quarters after their dispersion and destruction under Diocletian. Now the number of books in the collection at the death of Constantine is reputed at only 6,900; and when we recollect the grandeur and munificence of the views of this emperor in the construction

* Ep. iv. 7, p. 93 (Buxhorn ed.)

* Suetonius, Octavius, 34.

and decoration of his new city, it is hardly credible that, if the library had been intended as a general, and not merely or principally as a Christian collection, it would not have immeasurably exceeded this humble limit. But, whatever its original character, it grew beyond the limit of a class collection under the successors of Constantine. Constantius, Julian the Apostate, and Theodosius the Younger are specially enumerated as having added largely to its store of books, which advanced according to one account to 100,000 and according to another to 600,000 volumes. The library was, at least in part, destroyed by fire in the time of Leo the Isaurian; but notwithstanding this and several subsequent conflagrations, it was still maintained, though shorn of much of its earlier grandeur, down through the whole line of the Byzantine Cæsars; and the host of now unknown writers reviewed by Photius in his well-known *Bibliotheca*, would go far to prove that down to the ninth century, the library of Constantinople contained numberless treasures of ancient learning which have disappeared in the general wreck of the Christian empire of Constantinople. This is perhaps even more plain from the *Excerpta*, or digested collections from various authors, made under Constantine Porphyrogenitus; at least if we may judge of that work from the specimens of it which are preserved, as the *Excerpta de Legationibus* and the so-called "Historical Palimpsest," published by Cardinal Mai.* And, in addition to this merit, the libraries of Constantinople, mutilated as they were, must be regarded as the main source to which we are indebted for the preservation of one large and important branch of ancient Greek literature — that of the Greek fathers and historians of the Church.

It is clear from numberless evidences that, even before the final disruption of the Roman Empire under the barbarian immigration, the cultivation of letters and the care and collection of books had notably declined, both in the West and in the East; and especially that each division of the empire had ceased to cultivate the literature of the other. Greek ceased to be spoken in Rome, and Latin came under ban in Constantinople. It could no longer be expected that the

Roman libraries, such as they were at this date, would continue to add to their Greek collection, or the Greek libraries to their Latin; hardly even that each should not treat the rival literature with neglect and disregard; and the downward course which had thus spontaneously begun, was precipitated by the barbarian invasion, which, by successive revolutions, at last in part modified, in part obliterated, most of the distinctive characteristics of the old civilization, and substituted in their stead the rude germs of what was ultimately to grow into a harder, but higher and holier civilization of its own.

During the slow, and often all but stagnating progress of this remarkable revolution, ancient literature fell into disregard. The new phase of the human mind had not yet taken its form; and for a considerable interval, the history of letters, and of their external representative, libraries, is almost a blank. The controversies about the history of learning and the diffusion of books in the medieval period, have naturally influenced the views of those who have written upon the medieval libraries, and especially upon the monastic libraries of the middle ages. Upon the one side, the enemies of the monks and clergy represent them as reckless destroyers, from mere contempt and hatred of knowledge, of the choicest treasures of the ancient learning. On the other, their apologists portray the monasteries, at one time as busy schools of enlightenment, at another as peaceful sanctuaries in which the lamp of classic learning never ceased to burn. Mr. Edwards has treated this portion of his subject with much judgment and moderation. That, as a consequence of the barbarian irruptions of the fifth and following centuries, ignorance and its kindred disregard of letters overspread for a time the rugged kingdoms which replaced the Greek and Roman civilization, not even the sturdiest partisans of monasticism will deny; and it is equally plain that the first tendency of the young intellectual activity which succeeded this period of stagnation, was in the direction of the new Christian philosophy and of the theological speculations which arose therefrom, rather than of the Greek and Roman literature. But if it be false to represent the medieval monks as patrons and cultivators of classical literature for its own sake, Mr. Edwards shows that it is equally unjust to deny to them, or at least to many among them, the credit of

* In the "Scriptorum Veterum nova Collectio," vol. ii. 4to. Rome, 1837.

having been the main and almost the sole instruments of its preservation.*

This at least is certain: that whatever of merit is to be recognized in transmitting those remains of classic literature which have reached our age, by far the larger share of that merit is due to the monasteries and monastic libraries. For a long period the monastic bodies stand all but alone as book-collectors and book-preservers; and if it be true in some instances that their function was mainly that of passive instruments in handing on to posterity the collections of ancient authors which already existed, in others their active services are beyond all question; as those of the monks of St. Gall, detailed by Mr. Botfield in the admirable Introduction to his "Prefaces of the First Editions of Greek and Roman Classics."† Without accepting unreservedly all Dr. Maitland's conclusions from the facts which he has brought together in his "Dark Ages," in reply to the strictures of Robertson, Hallam, and other writers on the middle ages, we cannot ignore the lifelike and truthful character of many of his pictures of medieval lovers of learning for learning's sake, nor regard his reply to the argument in evidence of the excessive rarity of books which these writers found on a few plainly exceptional instances of dearness, as other than perfectly conclusive. An impartial scrutiny of the medieval chronicles makes it plain that the commerce in books, like most other branches of trade, was maintained, in greater or less activity, throughout the entire period. It drew its supplies mainly from the monastic *scriptoria*, but in part also from certain literary centres, and especially the seats of the schools and universities; and although examples of extravagant prices for MSS. of great rarity or luxurious ornamentation, such as Robertson brings forward, may be culled without difficulty from the records of the time, it is equally beyond dispute that in what we may call the every-day department of the book-trade—in the text books of the schools, and the practical, theological, ascetical, and philosophical literature of the age, the supply was steady; and the prices, though relatively of course far beyond the present value of the nominal sum, differed much less than is commonly imagined from those which were current for printed books nearly a century after the invention of printing.

* *Memoirs of Libraries*, vol. i. pp. 88–91.

† Introduction, p. xxiii.

It is plain that the prices relied on by Robertson and others are exceptional; that the books sold at this costly rate were such as, either from rarity or beauty of execution, possessed a value entirely independent of the commercial estimate; and that those prices are no more to be taken as ruling the market of their day than could the Valdarfer Boccaccio, or a unique Caxton, or the Gutenberg Bibles of the Perkins sale, be accepted as samples of the price of books in our own. The truth is that, then as now, there were *éditions de luxe*: the medieval book-trade, like our own, had its articles of *vertu*; nor were there wanting Spencers and Blandfords ready to pay the price necessary to secure the glory of becoming possessed of them. But it is equally certain that there existed a tolerably fixed and settled rule of demand and supply. Dr. Kirchhoff, of Leipzig, in a very interesting and learned series of papers on the "Serapeum,"* supplies many curious particulars as to the production, the prices, and the commercial circulation of books in the middle ages; and the prices which he has ascertained may, making the required reductions, be used as a guide in estimating the actual condition of the medieval book-market. It is impossible for us, of course, to go into detail, but we may say that the trade-prices of MSS. mainly depended on the number of sheets, the sextern sheet of six leaves being commonly valued at two or two and a-half solidi. Many MSS. still show the trade-price originally marked upon them, specifying the number of sexterns and the price per sextern, as well as the total cost of the volume. Thus a volume of medical treatises of Avicenna, Averroes, Rhases, Serapion, and Isaac, is marked at *octo florenos*; but this price is admitted to be beyond the average, and is justified "propter magnitudinem autum,"† the price per sextern being four instead of two solidi. On the other hand, a "Summa Pisani,"‡ on account of its less special interest, costs but two solidi per sextern; and a MS. of the Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great and other historical treatises is marked at the same rate. The ponderous theological treatises in use in the University schools, such as the *Summa* of St. Thomas, or the *Sententia* of Peter Lombard, were to be had of the Oxford booksellers for

* *Serapeum*: Zeitschrift für Bibliothekswissenschaft, vol. for 1852, pp. 257, 273, and 279.

† *Serapeum*, p. 260.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 262.

prices varying from thirteen to twenty shillings. § A MS. of Anthony Wood in the Bodleian, quoted in *Oxoniana*, p. 36, contains a rather extensive list of prices. A *Historia Scholastica* cost twenty shillings; a Biblical Concordance, ten; the four greater prophets, with glossaries, five; and several theological treatises, one of which is the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas, are set down at ten shillings; and St. Augustine on Genesis, and a Commentary on the Psalms at the same price. A still more instructive example given by Kirchhoff is one in which all the items* of the cost of producing the MS. are enumerated, each being separately assigned. The MS., which was in two volumes, was a new one (ultimatè scriptus), and contained sixty-two sexterns and a-half. The transcription cost thirty-nine francs and twelve deniers; ten skins of parchment, with dressing and preparation, cost thirty-six sous; five gilt initial letters, together with the first letter of the volume, cost thirty sous; other gilt and rubricated letters in different parts of the volume cost three francs and eleven sous; the hire of the original MS. from which the copy was made amounted to five francs; the cost of repairing the edges of the sheets and stretching and pressing the volume was eleven sous; and that of the binding, two francs; making the entire cost of this large and specially expensive work in two volumes, sixty-two livres and eleven sous.

The subject of books does not come directly within the scope of Mr. Rogers's inquiry in his elaborate "History of Agriculture and Prices in England." But his researches have thrown some incidental light upon the prices and the circulation of written literature in Britain, and have demonstrated the fallacy of the notion that books, during the centuries of which he treats, "were wholly inaccessible to the general public." † The few examples which he gives are perhaps particularly instructive, as representing various classes of books; not only church-service books, but also school books, and even light literature. Thus, the bailiff of Farney, in 1278, returns the cost of a church book, probably a missal, or gradual, at six and eight pence, and a

similar volume in 1357 cost only four shillings. No information is given as to the size of these volumes, but in the department of school literature we find a copy of Baron's Mathematical Treatise, consisting of eleven quires, bought in 1379 for five and sixpence. A book purchased by Merton College for one of the foundation scholars, described generally as a "school book," without any notice of extent or character, cost only two-pence; and about the same period, in an inventory of effects, two "Romances" are valued at the still lower sum of three half-pence each.*

These practical details present a result widely different from the picture drawn by Robertson and even by Hallam. Still it is beyond dispute that the catalogue of collectors of libraries from the fifth century downwards is a very limited one. A few of the number are laymen, of whom Venantius Ferreolus, Publius Consentius, and Cassiodorus, minister of the Gothic King Theodoric, may be regarded as private collectors, and Charlemagne, Everard of Friuli, and Charles the Bald, as representatives of the line of Royal founders. But it is impossible to doubt Mr. Edwards's conclusion that "the monks, after all, were the great collectors of the middle ages." ‡

Nevertheless, while their relative deserts are freely admitted, the absolute results as regards the formation of libraries must appear small in modern eyes. Among Monastic Libraries Mr. Edwards enumerates those of Canterbury, York, Wearmouth, Whitby, Glastonbury, Croyland, and Durham in England; Monte Cassino and Pomposia in Italy; † Corvey, Richenau, Marburg, St. Gallen, and Sponheim in Germany; and Fleury, Clugni, and St. Riquier in France. The stores of all these, judging by the extant catalogues, which the curious in bibliography have printed, were scanty enough. The Cathedral Library of Ratisbon in 1251 had but four hundred volumes. That of Christ Church, Canterbury, printed by Mr. Edwards, contains six hundred and ninety-eight numbers; but it is right to add that in many instances several distinct authors are comprised under one number. The library of Fulda, founded

* History of Agriculture and Prices in England (1352-1798). By J. E. Thorold Rogers. Oxford, 1866, vol. i. p. 645.

† Libraries and Founders, p. 26.

‡ He overlooks the very ancient library of Bobbio, which was transferred to the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and supplied most of the palimpsests of that library and the Vatican.

* *Scraps*, p. 264.

§ *Scraps*: Zeitschrift für Bibliothekswissenschaft, vol. for 1852. p. 261.

† History of Agriculture and Prices in England (1352-1798). By J. E. Thorold Rogers. Oxford, 1866, vol. i. p. 646.

by Charlemagne, contained seven hundred and seventy-four volumes. The Royal Library of France in 1374 had but nine hundred and ten, and that of the Sorbonne itself, in 1392, barely reached the number of a thousand.

It will easily be understood that the contents of these libraries lay chiefly in the department of sacred learning. Nevertheless the Monks of Monte Cassino had grown famous as early as the eleventh century for their transcriptions of Virgil, Horace, Theocritus, Terence, Ovid, and many of the Latin and even Greek historians, and in the monastic collections generally the proportion of secular books, if scanty according to our notions, was yet by no means contemptible. In the catalogue of the monastery of Corbey, "under AUGUSTINUS, thirty-nine entries appear; under BEDA, thirteen; under BOETIUS, fifteen; under HIERONYMUS, sixteen; under PRISCIANUS, four; under VIRGILIUS, seven; under CICERO, five; under LUCANUS, four; Juvenal, Persius, Martial, Ovid, Statius, Terence, all occur in single entries, together with Pliny, Livy, and Seneca."* In like manner the Library of Durham contained copies of "the Metaphysics and Ethics of Aristotle, the Orations and Rhetoric of Cicero, the Institutes and Declamations of Quintilian; the poetical works of Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Seneca, Juvenal, Claudian, Lucan, and Statius; the histories and historical works of Sallust, Suetonius, Valerius Maximus, Quintus Curtius, and Eutropius."† These works, it is true, are but a handful in the mass of the logical, ascetical, biblical, and hagiographical treatises which form the staple of the library. Still it appears beyond all question that the copies of the classical authors were made by the monks themselves; and Mr. Edwards bears most honourable testimony to the industry of the Benedictines generally, and especially of those of Monte Cassino.‡ The pictures which he draws of their literary activity from the earliest period may serve as a set-off against the scene of neglect and decay which Boccaccio is alleged to have witnessed in the same library, and from which Boccaccio's disciple, Benvenuto da Imola, who has given an account of the visit, draws the droll but characteristic moral, that he is a fool who "breaks his head in writing books":

Nunc ergo, o vir studioso, frange tibi caput pro scribendo libros!

Next in rank after the monks, as book-collectors in the middle ages, come the great ecclesiastical dignitaries to whom we are indebted for most of the Cathedral libraries — the nuclei at a later period of many important provincial collections. We need but name as the type of his class the celebrated Bishop of Durham, Richard d'Aungerville, better known as Richard of Bury, the first recorded donor of books to the University of Oxford, and author of the well-known *Philobiblon*, the great repertory of information as to medieval books and libraries. Mr. Edwards justly calls Richard "the patron saint of British book-lovers."*

Before passing to the libraries of the Revival epoch, we may observe that Mr. Edwards has not noticed in either of his works the libraries of the Arabs and the Moors during that period of their history which corresponds with the middle age of European civilization. Of the extent of these libraries the most marvellous accounts are given by the native chroniclers. An Arab writer, Ibn Aby Tay, cited by M. Quatremère in his "*Recherches sur l'Égypte*," is quoted by the distinguished author of the article "Libraries" in the English Cyclopædia, the late Mr. Watts, to the effect that the library of Cairo (which Ibn Aby Tay represents as the largest in the empire) contained 1,600,000 volumes. Another statement represents the library of Tripoli as possessing, under the single head of Theology, no fewer than 3,000,000 volumes; and even the more sober writer, Makrizi, although in his account of the library of the Caliphs he only enumerates 18,000 volumes on the sciences and 2,400 copies of the Koran, yet declares that the entire collection filled no fewer than forty chambers. The accounts of the Moorish libraries in Spain are somewhat more modest. The Caliph Al-hakem at Cordova maintained collectors at Cairo, Bagdad, Damascus, and all the other great centres of literary enterprise in the East; and his collection was reported to contain 400,000 volumes, every one of which Al-hakem was said to have read, catalogued, and noted with his own hand! These accounts for the most part, however, involve a number of contradictory and plainly apocryphal details, and they are in themselves so evidently

* Libraries and Founders, p. 48.

† Ibid., p. 55.

‡ Memoirs of Libraries, i. 270-1.

* Memoirs of Libraries, i. 359.

exaggerated as to be beyond all literal belief. Yet it is impossible not to feel that the very smallest reality which must underlie such exaggerations, cannot but represent a very large number; and, accepting the lowest estimate which even plausible conjecture can suggest, it must be acknowledged that these long unknown and forgotten collections present a formidable challenge even to the most favoured contemporary repositories of books in the West.

With the revival of letters the modern history of libraries may be said to commence. Of the libraries which were founded, or which, from more ancient beginnings, grew into eminence, in the early part of that remarkable period, some have altogether disappeared; some are still extant, and still enjoy a greater or less degree of distinction; some have been absorbed in more recent or more favoured collections. There are three out of the number, however, which, independently of their later history, deserve, both for themselves and for their founders, a special mention; that of Lorenzo de' Medici of Florence, that of Frederic, Duke of Urbino, and that of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary. The history of the two former collections, the Medicean and the Urbinian, is well known; but the fortunes of the third, that of Matthias Corvinus, were long involved in a mystery which has only been cleared up within the last few years.

In the liberality and energy which he displayed in the collection of books Corvinus was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries. His books were noted, even in that age of luxurious caligraphy, for the beauty of the manuscript; and may still almost at once be recognized amongst fifteenth century codices by this characteristic. The bindings were rich and splendidly emblazoned. The collection at the death of Corvinus, in 1490, numbered 50,000 volumes. Beyond this date its history is extremely obscure. It is conjectured that under the disorderly rule of his indolent successor, Vladislaus, many books may have been removed or lost; but the library still continued one of the glories of Buda at the time of the Turkish siege in 1627. From that date the collection, as a whole, is utterly lost sight of. That the library of Buda was ruthlessly plundered by the Turks, and the books mercilessly torn to pieces for the sake of the gold and silver ornaments of the binding, is well ascertained; as

also that the library building was eventually destroyed by fire. But it long remained a question whether any considerable part of the collection escaped destruction, and remained, unknown and unvalued, in the hands of its captors. For years vague traditions regarding its fate were current among the more sanguine scholars of Germany; and mysterious hopes were whispered about of the wholesale recovery of lost classics, which might be expected from untold Corvinian treasures that still lay concealed in the unvisited library of the Seraglio. These anticipations were cherished most of all at Pesth, where the pride of nationality combined with the spirit of scholarship to keep them alive: and they obtained some general credit from the accidental discovery at Buda, more than half a century after the siege, of a number of volumes, undoubtedly Corvinian, but despoiled of their binding, or at least of the costly materials with which it had been adorned. Not the least curious part of the story is the directly contradictory character of the reports as to the prospect of discoveries at Constantinople, which were made by visitors of that city, who professed to have received their information on the spot. Dr. Carlyle was assured by the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1801, that not a single Greek MS. existed in the Seraglio, or in any other repository belonging to the Sultan. On the contrary, Tischendorf was led by a conversation with the Patriarch Constantine to entertain the very opposite opinion, and a new impulse was given to the search by these more promising communications. Within the last twenty years a succession of scholars have sought to resolve the question by personal examination, the most remarkable of whom have been Dr. Mordtmann, author of a work on the Antiquities of Byzantium, Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, M. Emmanuel Miller, who was commissioned by the late Emperor of the French to collate some MSS. bearing upon the Life of Cæsar, and, above all, a party of Hungarian scholars, MM. Kubinyi, Ipolyi, and Henzlmann, members, although not, we believe, official delegates, of the Academy of Pesth. Not one of these missions, however, led to a full and satisfactory resolution; owing partly to want of time on the part of the visitor, partly to the traditional jealousy and obstructiveness of the officials of the library; until at length, in the year 1863-4, the doubt was set at rest forever by a learned

German resident of Constantinople, Dr. Dethier, Director of the Austrian School, who, through the active representations of his ambassador, obtained permission to make a detailed and leisurely examination of the contents of the Seraglio Library. Dr. Dethier's report to the Academy of Pesth may be regarded as extinguishing for ever the high hopes which were once entertained. The Seraglio Library according to his report contains in all about a hundred MSS., of which only sixteen are Corvinian — plainly recognizable, as well by their binding as by the characteristic beauty and distinctness of caligraphy which belong to all Corvinian books. Of this poor remnant hardly one-fourth belongs to ancient literature at all; and even of those books which are ancient, not a single one contains a line that is not already known and published. Nor can it fail to be regarded as a singular illustration of the futility of human projects, that among the various sources to which we are indebted for the preservation of what remains of ancient learning, scarcely a single fragment can be traced to that great collection which was the glory and the marvel of its age, and which, humanly speaking, seemed to promise most and best for the perpetuation of classic learning in the modern world. Mr. Edwards has printed, chiefly from Dr. Vogel's contribution to the "Serapeum,"* a catalogue of the small remnant of this once noble collection now traceable throughout Europe. The number of MSS. in Mr. Edwards's list is in all but a hundred and two, making, with those now identified in the Seraglio Library, one hundred and eighteen. Of these it is curious to observe that only a single one† is stated to be preserved in the ancient seat of the Corvinian Library, namely, in the University of Pesth. By far the largest share is in the Imperial Library at Vienna, which possesses forty-three. The Seraglio comes next, with its sixteen MSS. described above: Wolfenbüttel has twelve, and Ferrara eleven. It is somewhat remarkable that the labours of Corvinus should be all but unrepresented in the great modern collections. The Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris has but a single Corvinian MS., while the library of the British Museum does not possess even one.

* Vol. x. pp. 373-85.

† The list, however, although very interesting, is not complete. The Library of the Institute at Pesth contains at least three Corvinian MSS. not enumerated in this catalogue.

These noble foundations, and the others which grew up in the latter half of the fifteenth century, are the connecting links between the libraries of the old world and that of the modern. They began as manuscript collections; and it is the rapidity with which they grew in extent, and the wideness of the range of authors and subjects which they reached, under the costly and tedious process of transcription, that forms the great marvel of their creation at such a period. But while their glories were still new, and just as the generous rivalry of their founders had reached its highest point, the conditions of the great problem of the multiplication of books, in which all alike were engaged, underwent, in the discovery of the art of printing, that complete and unexpected revolution from which the fortunes of literature have, as it were, drawn a new life, and through which its capabilities have received a development so prodigious as almost to amount to a new creation. Of the facilities afforded by the new art, Corvinus, Lorenzo, and even Duke Frederic, lived long enough to avail themselves largely in extending their collections; but as collectors of printed books they were so speedily and so completely eclipsed, even by the collectors of the sixteenth century, that their fame must practically rest upon their manuscripts, which are now beyond all price, and which for beauty and accuracy were unrivalled even in their own day.

Among what are regarded as the great libraries of the modern period, the earliest to turn the new art systematically to advantage in extending its literary stores, was the venerable library of the Vatican. Although this collection dates from a far earlier age, and indeed, if considered simply as the pontifical collection, without reference to its actual locality, is entitled to the very first rank in point of antiquity among the libraries of the West, we have deferred our notice of it to this place, because, even since, in the race of progress as to number of volumes, it has been outstripped by very many collections throughout Europe, the importance and value of its contents and its pre-eminent services to literature must always maintain it in the very highest rank among the depositories of human knowledge. From the middle of the fifth century there are distinct evidences of the existence at Rome of a Pontifical Library, or indeed of two libraries; although we know little of their contents beyond the fact that in

them were deposited the official documents of the See. The most important, however, of the ancient papal collections were eventually concentrated in the Lateran Palace. There is reason to believe that the collection was for the age a very considerable one; and Pope Zachary, who, as being a Greek by birth, took an interest in his native literature, not only added to its store of Greek fathers and other Greek writers, but encouraged the translation of the Latin fathers into Greek for the use of his fellow-countrymen. On the removal of the papal court to Avignon, the Lateran Library shared in the migration; and it was upon the return of the popes to Rome that the seat of the library was permanently fixed in the Vatican. The transfer of books however, at this time, appears to have been far from complete; for so late as the pontificate of Pius V., a collection of MSS., amounting to 153 in number, which had remained at Avignon, was added to the Vatican Library.

Perhaps indeed it is not too much to regard the enlightened Pope Nicholas V. as the true founder of the Vatican Library. His zeal for the collection in all parts of the world of Greek and Latin MSS., which has been honourably commemorated by every historian of the revival of letters, was mainly directed to the enlargement of the Vatican collection; and the names of its earliest librarians at this period — Perotti, Filelfo, Platina — are the best guarantee that his design was ably and judiciously seconded by the agents who were employed. All the pontiffs of that time — Callistus III., Pius II., Paul II., and Sixtus IV. — are entitled to their share of this praise. The number and variety of the Incunabula, almost all acquired at the date of publication, which the Vatican still possesses, is at once explained by the circumstances of the time. Most of the new products of the infant presses throughout Europe quickly found their way to what was still the common centre of religion as well as of letters. Of the ten thousand works which were produced in the fifteenth century more than half were issued by the presses of Italy. Among the rest, a large proportion found their way to Rome, either by presentation or by purchase. In this way the Vatican enjoyed the same advantage over modern collections in regard to early-printed books to which the admitted pre-eminence in this respect of the Imperial Library of Vienna is justly ascribed; and had it not been for

the wholesale destruction which the Vatican suffered in the sack of Rome by the army of the Constable De Bourbon, it might probably have remained an all but complete repertory of the printed books of the fifteenth century. Sixtus V. renewed the building, and laid the foundation of a careful scheme for the systematic enlargement of the collection, which was pursued, though with varying energy, by his immediate successors.

By far the largest proportion, however, of the more recent additions to the priceless collection of MSS. which constitutes the real glory of the Vatican, is due much less to the gradual accumulation which results from a sustained system, than to a series of isolated gifts or purchases, beginning with the collection of Fulvio Orsino in 1600, and ending with that of Cardinal Mai in 1855. Such was the MS. collection of the Benedictine library of Bobbio; the Palatine Library captured at Heidelberg by Tilly, and presented by the Duke of Bavaria to Gregory XV. in 1621; the library of Christina of Sweden — a spoil of war, like that of Heidelberg, but unlike Heidelberg, the produce of the successes of the Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, transferred to the rival faith by his daughter on her conversion to Rome; the Urbino Library, the remnant of the noble collection of Duke Federigo, already described; the Ottoboni collection, comprising nearly 4,000 MSS.; and the smaller collections of the Marchese Capponi, and of the Greek convent of St. Basil at Grotta Ferrata, the MSS. of which supplied to Cardinal Mai no inconsiderable proportion of the Greek anecdotes of his various collections. This career of acquisition, however, has not been without its interruptions. Among the conditions of peace exacted by General Bonaparte as the price of the withdrawal of his troops from the Papal territory in 1797, was one which required that 500 Vatican MSS., to be selected by the French commissioners themselves, should be ceded to the National Library of Paris; * and although in 1815 it was stipulated that these, as well as other Republican spoils from the Pontifical collections, should be restored, yet, to use the words of one of the Paris officials, "good care was taken not to send back all;" and the student of the MSS. of the

* This stipulation is commonly ascribed to the *Treaty of Tolentino*. In reality it formed an article (the 8th) of the Armistice of Bologna; and is merely renewed in the 13th article of Tolentino. (Artaud's *Pie VII.*, tome i. p. 18.)

Bibliothèque Nationale may still not unfrequently trace by the press-mark the Roman origin of the MS. submitted for his examination. On the other hand, the Vatican itself sustained about the same period, a similar deprivation, which however, had less of the character of compulsory restitution. It had happened that, among the 500* MSS. which had been carried off to Paris in 1797, a considerable number, including seventy-six Greek MSS., belonged to the ancient Heidelberg collection. Now, although it may be observed that one of the grounds of the Duke of Bavaria's original gift of the Heidelberg library to the Vatican had been that the books of Heidelberg were in the main derived from suppressed monasteries, yet from its painful association with the party struggle of the Thirty Years' War, its transfer to Rome had always been a sore point with Protestant Germany; and on occasion of the contemplated restitution to the Pope of the French plunder of the Vatican, the King of Prussia, at the instance of Humboldt, put in to Pope Pius VII. a similar claim on the part of Heidelberg for the restitution of the older spoil of the 17th century. That liberal-minded Pope acceded to the demand, although only in part. Nine hundred MSS. were restored, but the proportion of Greek MSS. among these was small. Only thirty-nine of the MSS. restored were Greek, the great majority being of a class perhaps more specially interesting for Germany, as being chiefly in the departments of German history, archæology, and early German literature.

The number of books and MSS. contained in the Vatican has long been a subject of much uncertainty and curious inquiry. Down to a comparatively late period the Vatican was popularly regarded as the largest collection in the world. In the time of Eustace, the lowest estimate of the number of its volumes was 200,000; some made it 400,000; some swelled the total to a million. Eustace himself looked upon the mean as probable. Even the lowest of these estimates, however, is now proved to be far above the reality. The latest writer upon the library, whose book stands at the head of these pages — Zanelli — does not venture upon any exact enumeration. The

return made to our Foreign Office in 1851 — "about 100,000 printed volumes and 25,000 MSS." — makes no distinction between books and pamphlets; and there is little doubt that at that time the return could only have been accurate on the supposition that the latter were included in the enumeration. But the accession, in 1856, of Cardinal Mai's library, which contained about 40,000 volumes, has brought the total of the collection far above the return of 1851, even interpreted by the strict rule of ten pamphlets to a volume. Cardinal Mai's MSS. also form a very valuable accession, even to the world-famed MS. treasures of the Vatican.*

There is one characteristic of the Vatican in which it has no rival — the magnificence and artistic beauty of the structure in which it is lodged. The Vatican MSS. (proper) are arranged in presses along the sides and in the middle of a noble gallery 220 ft. in length, and decorated in the highest style of the art of the sixteenth and following century. The Palatine, Urbino, Alexandrine, and other MS. collections are distributed along the walls of a still more striking, though not so stately gallery, 1,000 ft. in length, adorned with frescoes representing the general councils of the Church and other great events of ecclesiastical history. At either end of this gallery are placed the printed books, which alone are exposed in open shelves. Perhaps, indeed, in the other divisions of the library, the visitor, surrounded, as he is, by these imposing representations of the history of Christianity, under vaulted roofs adorned with every resource of pictorial art, and in the midst of bronzes, intagli, marbles, and other objects of historical interest, sacred and profane, too easily loses the idea of a great library. It is hard to realize to oneself the presence within those gilded and decorated panels of so many of those literary treasures to which the world is indebted for the preservation of ancient learning and its diffusion through the early press. And

* The MSS. are distributed as follows: —

	Greek		Latin	
The Vatican Collection (proper)				
contains	11,000 viz.	2,158	8,942	
The Palatine Collection contains	1,415 "	431	1,984	
The Urbino " "	2,092 "	288	1,704	
Alexandrine (Queen Christina)				
contains	3,856 "	470	3,386	
Ottoboni Collection contains	2,337 "	245	2,092	
Capponi and Zelada Collection				
contains	383			
Oriental MSS. Collection contains	2,317			

* This limit was far exceeded, the number of distinct MSS. carried off being actually 781; of these 42 were Chinese, 40 Ethiopic, 35 Coptic, 7 Chaldee and Syriac, 9 Hebrew, 444 Latin, 206 Greek.

with all the prestige of the antiquity* of this celebrated library, of the acknowledged pre-eminence which it enjoyed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and of the admitted value of its vast and varied MS. collections, the most reverent scholar is forced to regard its glories as of the past rather than the present, and to recognize, however reluctantly, that, in the struggle of every-day literary life, and as a practical engine for the advancement of the new-world learning, it cannot any longer be ranked with the great modern collections, which are in truth the growth of a new system, and the representatives of new ideas and pursuits. Even in the city of Rome itself, the Vatican is surpassed in the number of *printed books* by the Casanata Library in the Dominican convent of St. Maria sopra Minerva, which was returned in 1851 as possessing "more than 200,000 volumes, not counting pamphlets, miscellaneous pieces and plays, which exceed 3,000."

The Vatican Library may be regarded as the *ἐν κἀλ' αἰῶνα* of the series. To us, with the ideas to which we are now familiar, it seems strange how slow the book-collecting world was in taking advantage of the novel facilities afforded by the printing-press. It might have been expected that, since the operations of book-collecting had turned upon the question of capital rather than of labour, and had taken their place in the open market of the world, a new impulse, if not a new direction, would have been given, in all the great centres of intellectual activity, to the formation of depositories of the productions of the new art, accessible under liberal conditions to scholars and students of every class. The facts, however, fall very far short of such anticipations; and perhaps the century which preceded the invention of printing may, according to its own condition, challenge without fear a comparison in point of enterprise and liberality, although not of course in actual results, with the eventful hundred years which followed that great revolution. In addition to the splendid examples of activity during the former period already enumerated, we may also mention the first foundation of the Imperial Library at Vienna, that of the Imperial Library of Paris, and — what to modern scholars is

perhaps more interesting and hopeful — that of the town libraries of Dantzic, Ulm, Ratisbon, and Nuremberg. On the other hand, the sixteenth century, with all its advantages, appears singularly unfruitful of such enterprise. Without entering into historical detail, which our limits preclude, it will be enough to say that out of all the European libraries which possess collections exceeding 150,000 volumes enumerated by Mr. Edwards — twenty-seven in number — only twelve can trace their origin farther back than the year 1600, and even of these one barely falls within that limit, while several others can claim little beyond a nominal existence until long after that date.

Even the existing collections were slow to avail themselves of the fruits of the printing-press. It is a curious incident in the history of that which was long held to be immeasurably the greatest of modern libraries — the National Library of Paris — that at the death of Francis I., in 1547, it contained barely two hundred volumes of printed books. And when, in 1624, Cardinal de Rochefoucauld became abbot of St. Geneviève, its library, now one of the most important libraries for the actual uses of study in Paris, did not contain a single printed volume. It is also worthy of note that, tardy as was the first progress of public libraries under the facilities afforded by the new art, a very small proportion of that progress is directly attributable to the sovereigns or the governments of the several countries of Europe. We shall see hereafter that, up to the present century, the largest European library, as well as the library most freely accessible to students, had been collected by a single family, and in great part by a single individual, a noble Polish ecclesiastic, Joseph Zaluski, Bishop of Kiev.

It would be idle to attempt to pursue in detail into the modern period the history of libraries and the fortunes of book-collecting. The whole space at our disposal would hardly suffice for a bare catalogue of the names and number of volumes of libraries of the present day — not merely the great libraries of the European capitals and great University libraries like our own Bodleian, but collections of minor repute, as the old provincial libraries of France, Italy, and Germany, the growing libraries of America and Australia, even the free libraries which are daily springing into existence, the contents of any one of which would out-

* Even in its present lodging, the Library dates in part from 1378, and finally from 1417 — a date anterior by many years to that of any extant library of the West.

number the volumes on the shelves of all the western libraries of the thirteenth century. We should wish to describe briefly the present condition at least of all those libraries which in our last notice of the subject * we named in the comparison with our own national collection. But the earlier history has engrossed so large a proportion of our space, that we must be content with selecting a few of the great modern collections, as types of what the library has become under the requirements of the new literature and in the new conditions of the world which that literature may be said to have created.

Among the libraries of the modern period, three now stand out prominently, unapproached by any of their rivals in the extent, the variety, and the value of their contents — the National Library at Paris, the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, and the library of the British Museum. Fortunately, too, for the elucidation of our subject, each of these collections may be regarded as typical, and as illustrating in its formation a different condition of things and a distinct phase of book-collecting on a large scale; the first representing for the most part the result of ancient growth and gradual accumulation; the second, the comparatively compendious process of conquest and confiscation; while the third teaches the still more valuable lesson of what may be accomplished by earnest, systematic, and well-directed energy, even within a limited time, and under disadvantageous circumstances as to facility of book-collection.

We shall begin with the great library of Paris, called variously, under the various forms of government through which France has passed, the Royal, the National, the Imperial, then again Royal, then a second time National, then Imperial, and now once more the National Library.

The first commencement of this noble collection, under Jean le Bon, with nineteen volumes; its progress to nine hundred and ten under John's son and successor, Charles V.; its reverses under Charles VII., and more than compensating advantages during the foreign wars of Charles VIII.; and its various migrations to Blois, Angoulême, and Fontainebleau; all belong to the period of manuscript libraries. Under Francis I. its printed books and MSS. together were

still below the number of two thousand volumes, and at his death, the printed books barely reached two hundred. Henry IV., by whom it was finally transferred to Paris, did much for the improvement of its administration; but, even with the advantages of a copy-tax on all books printed in France, and under the direction of a book-collector so eminent as De Thou, its progress as a modern library seems unaccountably slow. So late as the accession of Louis XIV., the printed books in the royal collection are stated not to have exceeded five thousand in number.

It is in the reign of this monarch, indeed, that the character of the "Bibliothèque du Roi" as a grand modern library is first fully recognizable. The administration as organized under Francis I. consisted of a single responsible head styled "master" with subordinate officers called "keepers." Almost contemporaneously with the accession of the Grand Monarque, the mastership of the library came to the hands of the first of a family which was destined to retain for nearly a century and a half the chief direction of its fortunes — the well-known family of Bignon; of whom it may truly be said that they seem to have lived exclusively for the duties of their charge. During four successions, the Bignons — Jérôme Bignon, Jérôme Bignon the younger, Armand Jérôme, and John Frederick — occupied this important post from 1642 till 1784. They had the assistance in the office of keeper during this period of many eminent scholars, including Varillas, Gallois, Thevenot, Clement, and Sallier. In 1661 one of the keepers of the Royal Library, the Abbé Colbert, being named Bishop of Luçon, instead of resigning his office as keeper, continued to discharge its duties through his brother, the celebrated Minister of that name, who at that time held the important office of Superintendent of Royal Buildings. Colbert not only took up zealously the regular duties of his vicarious office as Keeper of the Library, but threw into it all the official weight which belonged to him by virtue of his own public position. No expedient was overlooked. Not only were the ordinary resources of purchase, donation, interchange, bequests, industriously turned to account; the services of scientific travellers, of merchants, of missionaries, of diplomatic agents, were either specially employed, or taken advantage of as occasion arose. Learned travellers, as Jean Petis de la Croix,

* See Ed. Rev., vol. cix. p. 206.

Thevenot, Antoine Galland (to whom the West owes its first knowledge of the Arabian Tales); members of the learned religious congregations—Vansleb the learned Dominican, the still more learned Benedictine, Mabillon, the Fathers of the Missions Etrangères—were enlisted in the same service. "No ambassador or consul of France," it is justly observed by Mr. Edwards, "seems to have regarded his duties as fulfilled, unless he had become a benefactor or at least an active agent of the Royal Library." * "Nor was it only in the principal literary languages of the world," adds Mr. Edwards, "that books were eagerly sought. The less important dialects of the East were as carefully represented as were the most famous; the literature of Fins and Icelanders as well as that of Germans and Swedes." Above all, it speaks highly for the intelligent forethought which guided the library administration, that even Chinese literature, at that time, if we except the purely practical schools of the Jesuit and Dominican missionaries, a complete blank as regarded Western scholarship, received its full share of consideration. Under Colbert's administration the library rose from 16,000 volumes, including MSS., to a total of 40,000 printed volumes and 12,000 MSS., in which latter are comprised the Harault MSS., the Bethune, the Bigot, the Baluze, and other chief treasures of the modern library.

Colbert's successor, Louvois, was perhaps even more open-handed; and before the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, the number of volumes had risen to 70,000.

Under the rule of the third of the Bignons, Armand Jérôme, as Master, the library assumed what is substantially its present organization; the plan of the catalogue was settled and in part begun; and the library which had been shifted from place to place for above two centuries was finally established in the habitat which it still occupies, and which was chosen with such wise foresight of its capabilities of expansion, as to prove adequate to the progressive requirements of the collection, even in the gigantic proportions which it has attained in our day. To the same period (1737) likewise is due the free opening of the library to the public. The catalogue, however, was only carried through two of the five classes into which it was distributed, Theology and Literature. That of Jurisprudence was interrupted by the death of

the complier, M. Capperonnier, and the work remained suspended for a full century.

During the Regency, and even amid the profligate expenditure of Louis XV., the Royal Library was believed to have grown to 150,000 volumes, to which number the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. were supposed to have added 50,000 more. Both these estimates, however, were in excess of the real number, which was ascertained by the well-known librarian, Van Praet, by the process of actual counting, to be 152,868 volumes.

In the bloody era of the Revolution few of the more distinguished officials of the library escaped the fury of political proscription. Three of the chief librarians—Carra the Girondist, Girey-Dupré, and D'Ormesson—fell under the guillotine. Champfort was arrested, attempted suicide in his despair, and eventually died, partly from the wound, partly from the shock which he had sustained. The Abbé Barthélemy, well-known to the last generation by his long-popular "Travels of the Younger Anacharsis," was imprisoned; and Van Praet, though he survived for nearly half a century, as the connecting link between the older and the more modern period, suffered a like peril, and with difficulty escaped the fate of his distinguished but unhappy colleagues. Nor was the library itself exempt from the perils of which its ill-fated guardians were the victims. A decree was drawn up, declaring that the books of the public libraries of Paris and of the Departments could no longer be permitted to offend the eye of Republicans by shameful marks of servitude, and that all such marks must be immediately effaced: *fleurs-de-lis*, for example, and armorial bearings, whether in the bindings or in other parts of books, together with all prefaces and dedications addressed to kings and nobles, must disappear; and a still more wholesale proposal was made by Henriot to burn the entire collection *en masse*, as a monument of priestcraft and monarchy.

On the whole, nevertheless, the revolutionary period was, in point of material progress and of advance in the actual growth of the collections, by far the most remarkable in the entire course of its history. The libraries of the suppressed monasteries, of the colleges, cathedrals, collegiate churches, and other ecclesiastical establishments, the confiscated collections of the nobles and other persons of note who perished or

* Memoirs of Libraries, ii. 372.

emigrated during the Revolution, were in great part handed over to the National Library. Many of the books, no doubt, were destroyed through ignorance or neglect; many were appropriated or sold by reckless or dishonest officials; a few were reserved till more peaceful and happier times, and recovered by their owners; a still more considerable proportion were assigned to other libraries of Paris and of the Departments; but, notwithstanding all these deductions, the number of the confiscated books which eventually found their way to the national collection equalled, if it did not exceed, that of all the successive acquisitions of the Royal Library during the whole period of its previous existence.

From the date of these accessions the pre-eminence of the Paris Library amongst European collections was placed beyond all question; and it is chiefly from the Revolution that its progress as a modern library, whether in regard to its administrative system, or to the growth and development of its various collections, begins to acquire interest in comparison with the other great libraries of the modern world.

The administration of the Library was remodelled in accordance with republican ideas. For the quasi-monarchical government of the chief librarian, was substituted a Board of eight keepers of departments, with a Director chosen by and from the Board. To this board collectively were entrusted the administration of the funds, the appointment and dismissal of officers, and the general control of the establishment. This system, with but little modification, was retained for thirty-three years. Some changes were made in 1828; and in 1832, M. Guizot, then Minister of Public Instruction, revived the ancient form of administration by keepers and assistant keepers.

The fundamental idea of M. Guizot's system was an attempt to enlist the whole body of officials in the general interests of the institution by admitting them, not alone to a participation in the administrative authority, but even to a share in the election of the chiefs of the governing body. But his scheme had a very short tenure. Ministers of Public Instruction succeeded each other rapidly under Louis Philip. So did Directors of the Royal Library after the death of the patriarchal Van Praet, who had held office for above half a century, M. de Salvandy, in 1839, reverted to the system of a single administrative head, which is still maintained

in the management of the Library; and by the judicious use of a grant of 50,600*l.*, obtained by M. de Salvandy from the Chambers, much was done in the preparation both of materials for the new catalogue and of other reforming measures, the undivided credit of carrying out which is commonly given to the Government of the late Emperor. The truth is that in this and other departments the Emperor found much ready to his hand. There is one measure to the full merit of which he is entitled. In 1852 he gave life to the work of the catalogue by placing it in the hands of a single responsible editor, M. Taschereau; and the various projects of reform which had been previously suggested, may be said to have been reduced to shape by a commission appointed by him in 1858, the elaborate report of which, drawn up by M. Prosper Mérimée and addressed to the Minister of Public Instruction, was published in the "*Moniteur*," on July 20th of that year.

The details of the purely administrative reforms have no interest for our present purpose. We shall only advert very briefly to the important changes in the library buildings; to the conditions which affect the admission of readers; to the long-expected catalogue; and in general to the present condition and extent of the collections of this great library, as it emerges from the ordeal through which, in common with our own national collection, it has just been passing.

Of the new structure erected by the Emperor Napoleon III., of which about three-fourths have been completed, it is impossible not to speak highly. It occupies, or will eventually occupy, the entire rectangle which is bounded on the east and west by the Rue Vivienne and the Rue de Richelieu, and intercepted north and south between the cross-streets Rue Colbert and Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. Even when completed, the building will have little of architectural pretension; but it cannot fail to strike, by its vastness, its simplicity, and its seeming fitness for the uses for which it is destined. With a view to secure unity of design, the architect, M. Labrousse, had the courage to sacrifice almost the entire of the previously existing building; preserving only the ancient Salle de Lecture (which now serves as the reading-room of the Free Library), and the magnificent apartment known to all visitors of the old Library under the name of the Galerie Mazarin, which is to be used as a show-room for MSS., incunabula, and

other objects of bibliographical interest. By utilizing, after the example set in the British Museum, the principal court on the side of the Rue de Richelieu, M. Labrousse was enabled to provide a spacious and very handsome reading-room, with a nine-domed roof, supported upon light and very elegant cast-iron pillars. It is in form a square, with a semicircular apse; and, besides the ample space reserved in the apse for the officials, contains accommodation for 400 readers. This room is lighted from the domed roof. The heating, which is by means of hot-water pipes, is said to be thoroughly satisfactory; but complaints have been made as to the imperfect provision for ventilation. The desks, although not so lavish in space or so elaborately fitted as those in the British Museum, are abundantly sufficient for all reasonable requirements. At the back, in immediate connection with the reading-room, is the new *magasin* or book-room, a vast apartment open to the roof, in which the bookshelves, supported on cast-iron pillars, are arranged in five stages with floors of iron grating; each stage having a separate staff of attendants, through whom, by means of lifts, the orders for books are transmitted and executed with a despatch and precision deserving of all commendation.

The conditions on which readers are admitted to the National Library are most liberal. There are two reading-rooms. One of the recent reforms has been the opening, in connection with the great library, and from out its limitless store of books, of a Popular Library, which is literally free to every applicant beyond the age of sixteen. The reading-room of this library is called the *Salle de Lecture*. It is in one of the galleries of the old palace, and is furnished with a separate collection of books, selected with a view to the wants of the general reader. It is open to the public without ticket, introduction, or other formality. The number of volumes is said to be 40,000, and is evidently greater than that of the collection in the reading-room of the Museum; but in variety, comprehensiveness, judicious selection, solidity, and general value for the purposes of study, the inferiority of the books in the *Salle de Lecture* to those of the Museum is painfully apparent.

The reading-room of the great library is reserved for students of higher acquirements; and its more serious purpose is indicated by its name, *Salle de Travail*.

But, although a ticket is required for admission to this room, it is only necessary that the intending reader should apply by letter to the secretary, stating his name, age, profession, and residence, when a ticket, either permanent or temporary as he may desire, will either be sent to him by post or left at the library for him within two days. At entering, the reader is furnished with what is called a "bulletin personnel," on which are to be registered the titles of all the books which may be furnished to him during his visit, and which he will be required to give up at leaving the library, with the several entries cancelled by a stamp, indicating that the books have been returned. Only two works are supplied at the same time, nor can the total number delivered to a reader on any day exceed five; and the inconvenience of this restriction is aggravated by a regulation which prohibits readers from receiving maps or manuscripts at the same time with printed books, the latter alone being supplied at the *Salle de Travail*. Maps and manuscripts not merely form separate departments, but are only furnished to readers in the reading-rooms attached to these departments respectively. A very limited collection of books of reference in the *Salle de Travail* is directly accessible to the readers, but the number of volumes does not exceed 3,000, and they are for the most part of a class which, although of standard excellence in themselves, are far from being suited to the every-day requirements of the higher class of students.

The new catalogue, which has been a subject of much interest to scholars, has been compiled under the direction of M. Taschereau; the first volume of the section with which he commenced—that of the "History of France"—having been printed in 1855, and the whole section of the "History of France" completed in ten volumes in 1870. Great part of the tenth volume is occupied with a supplement of the additions which had accrued to the Library during the printing of the work. It is intended to add an eleventh volume of tables, with such still further supplements as must meantime have become necessary. Simultaneously with this section has also been printed that of Medical Sciences, that of Hebrew and Samaritan Books, and the first volume of "French Manuscripts." A further subdivision of the class "History"—the "History of England"—was also in progress; but it has been abandoned or

at least indefinitely postponed, and with it, the design of a complete printed classified catalogue of the Library.

Of the order of classified catalogues to which, like its really excellent predecessor printed in the middle of the last century, it belongs, the new catalogue is an elaborate specimen. We have not seen any official exposition of the system of classification which it was designed to follow; but it is plainly the so-called "French System," with certain modifications. Accordingly, the ten volumes of the "History of France" represent only one subdivision of the section "Modern History" in the general class of "History." It is arranged in fifteen chapters, comprising, under distinct heads: Introductory works on French history and general histories of France; histories of France by epochs and by reigns; political history, including periodical and semi-periodical works of a political character; religious, administrative, diplomatic, military, and social history; archaeology and numismatology; social history; genealogy and biography. Up to the reign of Francis I. the books are catalogued in the chronological order of their publication, from that reign downwards in the order of events. The titles are not altered, except by omission of words, which is always indicated by dots. In books anterior to Henry IV.'s reign the exact orthography of all words is preserved, and as regards proper names this principle is rigorously followed through all periods. One of the great difficulties of our domestic controversy as to the Museum Catalogue—that regarding the cataloguing of anonymous works—is, of course, avoided in this, it being a non-alphabetical catalogue; and for books without title M. Taschereau has followed the plan of giving (in a parenthetical form) a descriptive title, followed by the first words of the book itself. In these, and indeed in most other cases of difficulty, the titles are accompanied by bibliographical remarks and notices, of the utmost value, not only in illustrating the titles, but also in directing further research whether as to the book itself or as to its subject.

Indeed it is impossible to exaggerate the value of this catalogue as a guide to the student, whether of particular epochs and events, or of the religious, the constitutional, and, above all, the social history of France. We have examined it carefully under a variety of heads, and have invariably found it to open up new

lines of inquiry; nor could there be a more satisfactory confirmation of the opinion which, while contending for an alphabetical catalogue as alone satisfactory for the use of a library, we have uniformly expressed as to the unquestionable advantages of a classified catalogue for the purposes of bibliography and of systematic research. Unhappily, however, the catalogue of the History of France is but a splendid fragment of a still uncompleted, and, at least in its integrity, as yet almost uncomprehended whole. M. Taschereau, in the preface of his first volume, estimated that the entire work would occupy when complete, from sixty-five to seventy-two volumes. When we last referred to the subject, we showed, by a comparison of the volumes already in print, with the estimated total contents of the library, that the catalogue of the whole library, upon the same scale, would occupy at least two hundred volumes: and the completion of the catalogue of the section of the "Histoire de France" makes it plain that even this estimate of ours was considerably below the reality.

Much difficulty has always been experienced in ascertaining the exact number of volumes which the Bibliothèque contains. No actual and exhaustive enumeration, by the only perfectly reliable test of counting, appears to have taken place since that of Van Praet in 1791, when the volumes numbered 152,868. Thirty years later, in 1822, the same veteran authority again surveyed the contents, but without the actual process of counting; and he then estimated the number of volumes at 450,000, not including pamphlets and fugitive pieces, which he set down at the same number. In 1850, when an official return was procured by the British Ambassador, the number of volumes was reported at 750,000, of which 50,000 were volumes of tracts or pamphlets, containing about ten tracts each, according to which return the number of volumes and "pieces" or tracts taken together, would amount to 1,200,000. In the preface of the first volume of the "Catalogue de l'Histoire de France," published five years later, M. Taschereau reports the total number of volumes and "pieces," at 1,500,000, without distinguishing the two classes. The late Mr. Watts of the British Museum, probably one of the most accomplished masters in his age of the practical science of library economy, attempted from this return to form, in the article

"Libraries" in the English Encyclopædia, published in 1860, an approximate estimate of the contents of the National Library in that year. Assuming that Van Praet's estimate in 1822, according to which the number of volumes and of "pieces" in the library was about the same, might be taken as still sufficiently reliable, and reducing the smaller "pieces" to the standard of "volumes" at the rate of ten to the volume, Mr. Watts estimated the contents of the library in volumes in 1855 to have been 808,000; and, taking the yearly additions to the library from that date at the number officially returned, 11,000 per annum, he concluded that the total number of "volumes" and "pieces" reduced to volumes, might, at the date at which he wrote, 1860, reasonably be supposed to be 863,000.

It might have been expected that the occasion of the transfer of the books from the old to the new structure in 1869 would have been used as an opportunity for an exact counting of the volumes; and in the summer of 1870, we were informed by an official of the library, that, besides a reserve of 40,000 volumes for the Popular Library ("Salle de Lecture"), 1,400,000 volumes and "pieces" were ascertained by actual counting to have been transferred to the new *Magasin*. Nevertheless, this counting can hardly have been more than partial. We were favoured a few months later with an official return from the office of Public Instruction, from which it appeared that the number of volumes transferred to the new *Magasin* (which this return set down at 1,500,000), was only ascertained "approximativement, et d'après le calcul des rayons et de leur contenance;" and further that there still remained to be disposed of in other receptacles (the new *Magasin* being entirely filled) about 750,000 "volumes et pièces." By applying Mr. Watts's scale to this total of 2,250,000 "volumes and pieces," it would follow that in 1868 the number of volumes or their equivalents must have been about 1,237,500. We have received a further official return* of the works (not volumes) added to the collection in the four years up to 1871, amounting in the whole to 92,772. Many of the "works," however, contain several volumes, and as

the return estimates the annual increase of the library in volumes at 40,000, the increase during these four years reckoned in volumes would amount to about 140,000. Assuming the accuracy of this result, the number of volumes and of "pieces" reduced to volumes for the purpose of the estimate, contained in the National Library of Paris in 1871, was no less than 1,377,500. Who can wonder at the trembling anxiety for its fate during the perils of that fatal year which was manifested by the learned in every country of Europe!

The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg has the unenviable distinction amongst its compeers of owing its origin and growth pre-eminently to conquest and spoliation. Even tracing it back to its small beginnings in 1714, the first foundation of the collection is discovered in the books seized during the Czar Peter's invasion of Courland; while the great bulk of its present contents consists of the plunder in 1795 of the great Zaluski Library already referred to. And although Dr. Mintzlaff, in the descriptive memoir cited at the head of this paper, naïvely speaks of certain "peaceful acquisitions" (auf friedlichen Wege gelangten) between 1817 and 1830, the old course was confessedly resumed after that date; and not to speak of the "acquisitions" from Prince Czartoryski's country-seat at Pulawy, from the Sapieha and Rewuski collections, and the ancient Jesuit library at Plotzk, the library of the Friends of Knowledge (the Polish Royal Society) at Warsaw,* 150,000 volumes, was appropriated at one swoop, and transferred to St. Petersburg in 1833 and 1834. The Zaluski Library was formed in the first half of the eighteenth century by the Polish magnate Count Joseph Zaluski, and was largely increased by his brother Andrew Zaluski, bishop of Cracow, by whom, in 1747, it was thrown open to the public; and Count Joseph at his death bequeathed it to the Jesuit College at Warsaw, in trust for the public. On the suppression of the Jesuit order in 1773, the library was placed under the care of the Commission of Education; and its seizure by Suwarof in 1795 and translation to St. Petersburg raised that library by one single acquisition to the very first rank among the public libraries of the world. Notwithstanding losses by pillage

* This return, we believe, does not include the important Labedoyère Collection. But we are satisfied that full, and indeed liberal compensation is made for the omission by estimating the annual increase at 40,000 volumes.

* "Ein Gang durch die St. Petersburger k. öffentliche Bibliothek," pp. 7-8.

at Warsaw, and by injuries of various kinds during the transit, the inventory of the collection made upon its arrival in St. Petersburg on February 23, 1796, was found to comprise 262,640 printed books, and 24,573 prints. The Royal Library of Paris, as we saw, after its three centuries of gradual increase, contained at the same date barely 152,868 volumes.

The St. Petersburg Imperial Library, notwithstanding its large subsequent acquisitions, and especially that of the Pogodin collection in 1852 at a cost of 24,000*l.*, retains to the present day much of the distinctive character which it drew from the great Zaluski collection. The main strength of that collection lay in literature, history, and, above all, theology, the latter science alone forming one-fourth of the entire library. Philosophy, natural and moral, travels and antiquities, were very incomplete; and although these departments have been largely increased during the last thirty years, the balance cannot, even still, be said to have been adjusted. According to the official return obtained by the Foreign Office in 1849, the printed volumes numbered 451,532, and the MSS. 20,689. It is hard, however, to reconcile this with the statement, quoted by Mr. Watts, of the "Official Guide" in 1850, that the printed books alone amounted at that date to above 600,000. Nine years later, in 1859, the official return enumerated 840,853 printed volumes, exclusive of duplicates, 29,045, of MSS. and 66,162 of plates, maps, and music. In 1867 the printed books, according to the same return, had reached the number of 1,044,405, the MSS. to 34,178, and the plates, maps, &c. to 85,691. Since that year, if the annual acquisitions had been upon the same scale, the printed books might be supposed to have increased to more than 1,100,000; although such an increase in the number of *volumes* seems hardly compatible with the number of *works* actually returned in the printed official catalogues of the four intervening years up to 1872, which does not in the whole reach 15,000.*

The Imperial Library is a stately and commodious structure, and its organization, though defective in many particulars if judged by the most recent standard, is on the whole extremely creditable. The reforms effected under the administra-

tion of Baron von Korff especially are deserving of all praise. To him is due the new reading-room, opened in 1862, and which affords accommodation for upwards of 400 readers. It is accessible by tickets, which are readily granted on application; and the measure of time during which it is open for study is only surpassed in liberality by that which has been fixed of late years in the Bodleian Library and Reading-room, being from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. on ordinary days, and from 12 to 3 P.M. on holidays. There is besides a separate room for ladies. Under Baron von Korff also much valuable work was done in urging forward the alphabetical catalogue, partly in volumes partly in slips. Although this catalogue fails to carry out the famous "ninety-one rules," it is upon an excellent practical plan. When we had an opportunity of inspecting it in 1872 it seemed somewhat in arrears as to writing up and insertion of titles; but it is, on the whole, a most creditable example of a finding catalogue, for the library officials. We regret to add, however, that, like the catalogues of most other foreign libraries, it is not accessible to readers unless on special application; and to these private applications, as we were informed, it must often be impossible to accede without embarrassing the attendants and obstructing the ordinary work of the library.

We have reserved for the last place the Library of the British Museum. It is now some fourteen years since we referred in detail to this our great National Library, which at the time of our notice had just successfully reached the first stage of its new organization. Most of the prominent details of its system were at that time sufficiently settled to enable us to lay before our readers an accurate outline of all that was novel in its character, and of all the circumstances that seemed likely to influence permanently the interests of the institution or to modify the direction of its development. But its bearing on the general subject of Libraries is so very important, and the lesson which the last forty years of its history teach as to the growth of libraries and the philosophy of book-collecting is so instructive, that, even at the risk of a few incidental repetitions, we must recapitulate very summarily the story of its re-organization and subsequent progress, with a view to a comparison with the libraries of other countries. We could have wished to enter into full details as

* The exact number of works acquired in these four years was 14,610. See "Catalogue des nouvelles acquisitions de la Bibliothèque impériale publique," Nos. 8-12.

to all its departments, and particularly its rich and admirably arranged manuscript collections, which have been made for the purpose of study almost as easy of access and use as the library of printed books. But we are most reluctantly compelled to confine ourselves to the Department of Printed Books.

In the year 1838, soon after Mr. (now Sir Anthony) Panizzi was appointed the Keeper of the Printed Books, the volumes of printed books in the British Museum Library, counted one by one, were but 235,000; and the collection, having been formed by an aggregation of many collections, was extremely unequal, presenting a comparative opulence in some classes and the greatest poverty or even a total deficiency in others. Its rate of annual increase was proportionately low. During the previous ten years the amount expended in the purchase of printed books had been on an average only 1,502*l.* per annum, and the number of volumes received under the Copyright Act had been on an average of the same years but 3,654 per annum. The number of readers was 61,874. The Library now contains, as shown by the laborious but trustworthy test of actual counting, no fewer than 1,100,000 volumes. The sum expended annually in purchases is 10,000*l.*; the number of books received yearly under the Copyright Act has risen to 25,000, 28,000, and in one instance to 31,863. The total number of volumes added yearly to the collection has increased to 42,000, and that of readers has risen to 105,130 in 1871. We cannot help thinking that the successive steps by which this great transformation has been effected not only reflect the highest credit on the ability and energy of Sir Anthony Panizzi, of his successors as Keepers of the Printed Books, Messrs. Winter Jones, Watts, and Brencley Rye, and of the distinguished staff of fellow-labourers associated with them, but may justly be regarded as constituting an entirely new era in the history of libraries.

Mr. Panizzi's first step, on his appointment as Keeper of the Printed Books, was to make a complete survey of the Library, with a view of testing its completeness or its deficiency in all branches of literature and all departments of knowledge. His memoir on the subject presented to the Trustees and printed by order of the House of Commons, March 27, 1846, is a masterpiece, not only of bibliographical learning, but of vast and various scholarship. It contains a his-

tory of the formation and growth of the Library in the various collections of which it was composed up to that period, points out in each class the nature and extent of the deficiencies which existed, and proposes a comprehensive plan for the augmentation and future management of the institution. This proposal was in substance adopted by the Trustees, and approved by the Lords of the Treasury, who agreed to recommend to Parliament a grant for some years of 10,000*l.* yearly for the purchase of books of all descriptions. A grant of that amount was placed in the estimates for the first time in March 1846, and again in the following year. In 1848, however, partly owing to the financial exigencies of the Government, partly to the want of space in the Library Buildings pending the new constructions which had been undertaken, the grant was reduced to 5,000*l.*, and during the nine years following only averaged 3,700*l.* In 1856 Mr. Panizzi became Principal Librarian, and as he was succeeded in the keepership by his old and congenial associate, Mr. Winter Jones, the work of augmentation, thus temporarily retarded, was actively resumed. In the following year the new Reading-room was opened, affording, in conjunction with the new structures which surround it, accommodation for about 1,500,000 volumes. The grant of 10,000*l.* was at once restored and has been continued to the present time.

The successful enlargement of the Library of the British Museum must necessarily depend on the steady discharge of two duties — first, the collection of books published in the United Kingdom by the enforcement of the Copyright Act; and secondly, a systematic and judicious method of purchase.

In 1850 the former duty had been transferred from the Secretary to the Keeper of Printed Books. How effectively and how promptly Mr. Panizzi's memorable stringency in its discharge told upon the receipts of the Library under the copy-tax, has been already seen. The number of articles thus added to the Library since 1850 amounts to no less than 529,803.

In the additions to the Library by purchase, the annual grant is about equally divided between the work of maintaining the efficiency of the Library by the acquisition of all desirable modern works in foreign literature, periodical and otherwise, and that of gradually completing

the Library by systematically ascertaining and filling up deficiencies in the older literature, home and foreign, and by the purchase of rare books in all departments as they come into the market. For this purpose catalogues of special classes of literature and bibliographies of particular periods are compared with the Museum collections by specially qualified scholars in the several departments. The sales of important collections, whether in England or abroad, are carefully watched. Many valuable acquisitions were thus made at the Jolley sale, the Sussex, the Bright, the Utterson, the Solar, the Yemeniz, and, more recently, at the Daniel, the Corser, the Potier, and the Weigel sales; at the last-named of which was purchased the unique first edition of the black-book "*Ars Moriendi*," for the largest sum ever expended by the Museum Library on a single book, viz. 7,150 thalers, or 1,072*l.*; a price however which bears no comparison with that of the well-known Valdarfer Boccaccio, and fades into insignificance in contrast with that of the Gutenberg Bibles at the late Perkins sale. Occasionally, too, collections of books of particular classes in which the Museum is known to be weak are purchased in mass; — as the Maskell collection of Liturgies and service-books; the Kupitsch of early German literature; the Tieck and Halliwell Shakespearian collections; the Michael and Almanzi Hebrew collections; more recently, the Siebold collection of Japanese books; the Andrade and Vischer, of Mexican; the Nagy, of Hungarian; and the Grabowski, of Polish.

The result of these measures, steadily and systematically pursued, has been an advance towards completeness in the collection of the Museum which is infinitely more valuable than any mere numerical increase; not only in the current literature of our own time, whether of America and the leading European States, or of Scandinavia, of the various Slavonic nations of Hungary, of modern Greece, of Australia, of Anglo-India, and even of Spanish America and the Brazils; but also in books of ancient classical learning, and in Hebrew, Oriental, Chinese and Japanese literature.*

* It may be interesting to note (of course approximately) the proportions of this varied expenditure: German, 1,400*l.*; French, 1,200*l.*; North American, 500*l.*; Italian, 400*l.*; Dutch, 150*l.*; Belgian, 125*l.*; Scandinavian (Swedish, Danish, and Icelandic), 150*l.*; Russian, 100*l.*; Polish, 75*l.*; Slavonic (Bohemian, Serbian, Illyrian), 50*l.*; Spanish and Portuguese, 75*l.*; Hungarian, 50*l.*; Roman, 25*l.*; Anglo-Indian, 50*l.*; Australian, 150*l.*; Spanish American and Brazilian, 50*l.*; Hebrew, 100*l.*; Oriental, 250*l.*; Chinese, 100*l.*

In the current literature the periodicals hold a very prominent place. The number of periodicals (exclusive of newspapers) is about 12,000; and the volumes of periodicals, if placed in continuous line, would occupy no less than 9,441 linear feet, or nearly a mile and three-quarters. The newspapers would occupy 5,252 feet, about a mile more, and the publications of learned societies, 1,971 feet, or above a third of a mile. In the older department, the Hebrew collection, which when the Museum was opened consisted of but a single volume, now contains considerably more than 10,000 volumes, and is not only the largest in the world, but the richest in rare and choice editions. The Oriental collection, particularly as regards Sanscrit, Arabic, Persian and Turkish, is equally pre-eminent, comprising, exclusive of Bibles, Liturgies, &c., about 7,850 works, of which about 1,270 are Sanscrit, 1,730 Arabic, 630 Persian, 500 Turkish; the remainder consisting of Hindustani, Bengali, Marathi, and other Indian languages, besides Javanese, Burmese, and Malay. The Chinese collection, consisting of about 6,000 separate works, in some 24,000 Chinese *pun* or columns, is believed to be the largest in Europe, and is more than one-half as large as the famous collection of the Emperor Kien-lung (1735–1795). The Japanese collection consists of about 4,840 volumes. It is derived in the main from a collection formed by Dr. von Siebold during his residence in Japan, and is much superior to a former collection made by him — the well-known collection at Leyden, long reputed the finest Japanese library outside of Japan and China. The collection acquired by the British Museum comprises more than double the number of works that is found at Leyden, and extends to every class of the literature, including a large number of most curious illustrated works. Even the department of Music, which in 1845 was miserably poor, has now been carried to a high degree of completeness, containing above 11,500 volumes of the works of all the eminent classical composers, Italian, French, German, and English; together with a large assemblage of modern music, as well foreign as English. If to these augmentations in the various special departments, which in the main are due to the energy of the new organization, the reader will add the treasures of earlier date in the King's Library, both Old and New, in the Grenville, the Cracherode, the Banks,

and other less notable collections, he must acknowledge the justice of the estimate of the excellence of this great library, expressed, so far back as 1860, by one than whom no living man was more intimately acquainted with its contents, or more capable of estimating their bibliographical and literary value — the late Mr. Thomas Watts — that it combined in the highest degree the best merits of all classes of existing libraries, whether the extent, the rarity, and beauty of editions, and the general good condition which characterize the great libraries of France, Italy, and the South, or the scientific completeness of particular departments, and excellence of cataloguing and arrangements which distinguish those of Germany, Scandinavia, and the North in general.*

The sum expended on binding in the Library of the British Museum has for many years stood at 7,000*l.*; a sum which, large as it appears, is found to be inadequate, and which it is hoped may in future years be increased.

But the greatest marvel of the Museum Library is its unrivalled Catalogue. The subject of the General Catalogue has been so fully discussed in this Journal, and the details of its progress up to the date at which we last referred to it, January 1859, have been so exactly recorded, that it is only necessary to carry on the history to the present time. The Museum Library may now boast what, it is confidently believed, no other library in the world can claim; not only that the whole of the million one hundred thousand books on its shelves are catalogued, that their titles are transcribed, and that both books and catalogues are freely accessible to its readers, but that provision is made that the title of each new book as received shall, within a reasonable time, find its proper place in a catalogue which is capable of indefinite expansion, and of receiving, without disturbance to its strict alphabetical order, all subsequent additions to the Library.

The Catalogue now forms a continuous alphabetical series of 1,522 volumes, with twenty-one volumes of indexes. These volumes, conveniently placed in the centre of the reading-room, occupy 312 feet of shelves, being 12 feet in excess of the space occupied by the entire Grenville Library. Some idea of its extent, and of the vastness of the Library, may be formed from the statement that the head-

ing of *Bible* alone occupies 27 volumes, and contains 18,974 entries; that of *Shakespeare* occupies 2 volumes, and contains 1,914 entries; *Milton*, 2 volumes, with 685 entries; *Aristotle* and *Cicero*, 2 volumes each; *Luther*, 6 volumes, with 1,949 entries; *Liturgies*, 14 volumes; *England*, 16 volumes; and *Great Britain*, 23 volumes. We may add, as one of the curiosities of the Catalogue, that the well-known name of *Smith* engrosses no fewer than 2,687 entries, while the equally well-known firm of *Brown, Jones, and Robinson* appropriate to themselves as many as 4,254; and it speaks for the extent and variety of the foreign collections of the Museum Library that the equally familiar foreign names, Schmidt and Müller, appear in the Catalogue in no fewer than 2,600 entries. From the fact that there are 47 distinct John Smiths, and no fewer than 66 John Joneses, as well as from these astounding numbers generally, some notion may be formed of the enormous difficulty of keeping distinct so many individual writers bearing precisely the same name; a difficulty, we may add, which arises, although in a minor degree, in regard to almost every name in a great alphabetical catalogue. The Music Catalogue is in 126 volumes, consisting of two divisions; composers and editors in 101 volumes, and authors of words set to music in 25. There is a separate printed catalogue of the Grenville Library and also of the King's Library.

And yet, vast as are the ideas as to the extent and completeness of the collection which these enormous figures suggest, the visitor of the British Museum Library is occasionally doomed to disappointment in his search for books. As an example how far the very richest collections are from representing the whole number even of extant books, we may mention that on one occasion, while waiting in the reading-room for the delivery of some books for which we had put in a request, we had the curiosity to test the Museum Catalogue by comparison with the entries in a page of the class catalogue of Medical Sciences of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. The page of the latter (which we took at random) contained 20 titles, of which 7 were French, 5 English, 4 Italian, 3 Latin, and 1 Dutch. Out of these twenty titles only three, and possibly a fourth, could be recognized in the Museum Catalogue; while of the remaining sixteen, four-fifths of the entire number, there was not a trace in the Museum

* English Cyclopædia, Art. *British Museum*, p. 384.

collection. And yet not one of the twenty works seemed to be of any remarkable rarity.

But on the other hand, while it is impossible to doubt that the British Museum collection at present approaches nearer than any other extant collection to completeness, if not in number of books at least in kind, it is the still prouder boast of our national library that nowhere is the reader's freedom of use in all its priceless treasures more entirely unrestricted. As many as two hundred volumes have been at one time in a reader's hands in the British Museum; there being, in truth, no limit to the number of books which may be asked for and supplied. Nor can any loyal lover of letters who enters its noble hall, repress a thrill of grateful admiration for the large-minded liberality, the enlightened energy, and the unwearied perseverance of the distinguished scholars and administrators by whom these great things have been conceived and carried into execution. And when, fresh perhaps from the delays and embarrassments encountered in other repositories of books, he comes to the reading-room of the Museum with his note-book crowded with memoranda for reference; when he hands in his book-dockets almost by the sheaf and in the most opposite departments of study; when he finds his scores of requisitions answered by the delivery of pile after pile of volumes, till he is ashamed of taxing to such a degree the ready service and cheerful courtesy which he experiences;—he must acknowledge that here indeed is realized at once the magnificent ideal of Mr. Watts of "bringing under one roof all the current literature of the world that has any intrinsic value, regardless of the language in which it may be couched," and the large-hearted resolve of Gabriel Naudé in the Mazarin Library, "From its door shall resound that cry which has never yet been heard in the Republic of Letters: 'Come in all you who desire to read, come in freely!'"

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOMELY HEROINE.

"WHAT can hae come owre Archie?" murmured Kirstie Brydone, as, for the twentieth time that day, she rose and went to the cottage-door to look for her husband. It was between two and three on the afternoon of Hogmanay, the last

day of the year. On every side undulating ranges of hills met her eye, and seemed to close in the wide valley from the world beyond. The sun was low in the west, enveloped in a strange reddish haze; behind the hills to the north, great masses of heavy clouds were rolling up, piled one above another; a bitter icy wind whistled down the valley, bearing on its wings an occasional snow-flake; while to the south the great range of hills rose up, clear and distinct in their slight mantle of snow, against the purplish sky. Kirstie looked round in all directions, but could see nothing of her husband, who had been absent since the early morning, and saying to herself: "I wish I saw him safe hame; it's gaun to be a wild nicht, I doubt," she closed the door, and returned to the fireside. She put on some more peats, made herself certain that the kettle was boiling, so that she might "mask" the tea as soon as Archie came in; then, drawing forward the little table which was all ready set for tea, she sat down on a low chair, and resumed her occupation of rocking the cradle. As she bent over the fair little baby it contained, the firelight lit up a very homely face; a mouth ravalling in width the famous Meg of Harden's; small gray eyes, and a low forehead; and yet the face was not without its redeeming points. The large mouth disclosed two rows of pearly teeth; the eyes were frank and sweet, with a confiding trustfulness in them; and the forehead was crowned with masses of thick soft brown hair. She was remarkably tall, nearly six feet, and splendidly proportioned, with the exception of her arms, which were rather long. And at the time of her marriage—just a year before this—there were many jokes passed upon the fact that she was two or three inches taller than her husband, who was little and slight, with a fair boyish face, which made him look younger than Kirstie, though he was twenty-five, and she was only twenty-two. Archie Brydone let them laugh away, and could well afford to do so, for none knew so well as himself what a treasure he had got in this homely wife of his.

When Kirstie was a little lassie of eight years old, her father and mother died of fever within a few weeks of each other, and left her a friendless orphan. Strangely enough, her father, who was a shepherd also, had had this very herding of Dynefoot, and the cottage to which she returned as a bride, was the same in

which she had passed a happy childhood. Mr. Gray, the farmer of Auchensack, her father's master, took her to the farmhouse, and there she remained till she was married, first as a little herd-girl, then as nurse to the children, and finally as dairymaid. It was during the two or three summers which she spent herding the cows that she first knew Archie Brydone. He was a delicate, puny boy, who even then looked young for his years, and his parents feared at one time that he was going to be lame, though he grew out of it afterwards. His father had taken a dairy on the neighbouring farm of Barbreck, and Archie was set to the task of herding, a very necessary one in those great stretches of moorland and pasture, where there were few, if any, proper fences.

In their pastoral employment the two children became inseparable companions. Archie was a smart boy, and a good reader, and many a lesson he gave Kirstie, who was a diligent, though not very apt pupil, for at all times of her life her heart was infinitely greater than her intellect. At other times he would read aloud to her, while she worked her stocking; and sheltered by an old plaid, which preserved them alike from sun, wind, and rain, they passed many happy hours. Finally, Archie thought he must learn to "weave" stockings for himself, and under Kirstie's tuition, soon became nearly as clever at it as she was herself; and so her dream of a companion-knitter under the rowan-tree was realized, though very differently from what she anticipated, as dreams so often are.

Two happy summers passed in this way, and then Archie, having outgrown his lameness, was sent away to farm-service; and when he became older, went to the Highlands as a shepherd. For two or three years his father and mother remained at Barbreck dairy, and Kirstie heard of him occasionally from them; but eventually they went to a large dairy down in Galloway, and for several years she did not know whether he were dead or alive; but she did not forget him, and on fine Sunday afternoons in summer, sometimes walked as far as the rowan-tree, with which he was inseparably associated.

A great surprise was in store for her, however, for he came back to Mr. Gray's as young herd. Kirstie had not heard the name of the young man who was coming, indeed had heard nothing about him, except that he was coming from

the Highlands. She was in the kitchen alone when he came in: it was dusk, and she did not recognize his voice; but the firelight was shining full upon her as she stood making the porridge, in the cook's absence; and after a minute's quiet survey, he was certain that this tall girl, with the grand figure and plain face, was no other than his old friend Kirstie.

"Do ye ever herd the coos for onybody now-a-days, Kirstie?" he said at length, very quietly.

"Preserve us a'!" exclaimed Kirstie, nearly upsetting the porridge in her agitation; then as the fire blazed up, and disclosed the fair curly head and merry blue eyes she remembered so well, she said with tearful eyes and trembling voice: "Can this be you, Archie Brydone? Glad am I to see ye back again! But what a start ye gied me, for mony's the time I've wondered if ye were alive."

"Alive and hearty," replied Archie, with rather a forced laugh, to hide the emotion he really felt when he saw how agitated she was. "But the truth is, I wearied o' the Highlands; it's a dull thing being one's lane in a house for months, and I thoct I would try the Low Country again."

Archie was surprised to find, as time passed on, and he and Kirstie dropped into their old friendly terms, how little changed she was in mind from what she used to be; the same simple, guileless creature, strong as a rock for truth and right, and thoroughly unselfish.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray were so much attached to her that they looked on her almost as a child of the house, and yet she was so unconscious of any special favour, that she quite avoided all jealousy on the part of her fellow-servants. Archie staid steadily on at Auchensack, and became almost as much a part of the household as Kirstie; the other servants went and came, but these two remained fixtures.

When Archie had been three years with Mr. Gray, the shepherd at Dynefoot left to take a small farm, and Mr. Gray offered it to Archie, adding, with a sly glance, that he would have to look out for a wife in that case. Archie thanked him, and asked for a few days to think of it, which Mr. Gray willingly granted. That was on a Saturday; and on the afternoon of the Sunday, which was a bright September day, Archie asked Kirstie if she would take a walk with him to the rowan-tree; and there, at the place where they first met, and where they had played

and worked as children, he asked her if she would be his life-long companion. No one can doubt what Kirstie's answer was; he had been the one love of her childhood and of her later years, and the sun never shone upon a prouder, happier bride.

It was an additional source of happiness, too, the fact that they were to live in her old home, though many a one would have thought it a solitary place enough. It was three miles from Auchensack, and about as far from the nearest shepherd's house, and was away quite up among the hills, commanding a splendid view of one of the loveliest of the lovely Dumfriesshire valleys. It was a roomy, comfortable cottage, white-washed, with a thatched roof, a nice garden in front, and two elm-trees at one side. Inside, it was the picture of comfort; the kitchen especially, with its sanded floor clean as hands could make it; the dresser gay with willow-pattern plates and many-coloured bowls and "pigs;"* the long settle by the fire; and the antique clock, which had belonged to Kirstie's grandfather. It stood just about a hundred yards from the mouth of the deep, dark, precipitous glen which took its name from the Dyne, a little burn which brawled along at the foot.

Archie entered on his duties at Martinmas, and they were married on the Hogmanay following, at Auchensack, when there was a dance in the barn and general merry-making. And so time had slipped away, every season seeming happier than the last, Kirstie thought, and happiest of all, the dark days of winter, since a little blossom came upon a November day, and filled their cup of happiness to overflowing. It was a lovely, fair little infant, with Archie's blue eyes and flaxen hair; and he was, if possible, more passionately fond of it than Kirstie herself.

Kirstie thought of her happy lot with a deep unutterable thankfulness, as she sat absently rocking the cradle. She was one of those women who have great difficulty of utterance, whose words are few, but their thoughts many, and above all, her religion was truly a part of herself and of her daily life. The sun had now set, and darkness was coming on, while the wind whistled more shrilly than ever, and with an eerie sound, which made her shudder. She was becoming

really anxious about Archie's long-continued absence. He had left home in the morning with the first peep of daylight to climb the hill, according to his custom, and intended to come home, as he usually did, about eleven.

She tried, meanwhile, to calm her anxiety by thinking that something might have happened to one of the sheep, or that he might have been detained gathering them into the folds in preparation for an approaching storm. At length, she heard the dog scratching at the door; and joyfully she said to herself: "He canna be far off noo;" but on opening the door, the dog, instead of running joyfully to the fire, or curling himself up beneath one of the beds, as he usually did, began to jump fawningly upon her, and to whine pitifully: she could not understand the reason of this at all, when suddenly an idea burst upon her mind, which speedily became a certainty. Archie was ill, had hurt himself, perhaps, somewhere on the hills, and the dog had come for help. She shook off a deadly faintness which crept over her at the thought; and rousing herself she drew the fire together, in case of sparks, placed the cradle on one of the beds for safety, and throwing a plaid about her, followed the dog.

During these preparations, "Laddie" had stood still and motionless as a statue; but when she moved towards the door he jumped with delight, fawned upon her, and licked her hands, and then bounded hastily forwards in the direction of the glen. The ordinary route along Glen Dyne was to climb the steep hill which rose behind Dynefoot, and then to keep by a footpath which wound along the top of the glen for about a mile. There was no fence or protection whatever; and there were several sad stories told of people who had missed their footing, or, in the darkness, had wandered too near the edge, and so had come to a violent end. Just two winters before this, an unfortunate man had perished not far from the mouth of the glen. He was a packman, with a donkey, who was well known at all the farm-houses; and was, in his way, a well-to-do man, with a well-assorted pack, the contents of which ranged from ribbons and jewellery to note-paper, hair-pins, and stay-laces. In fact, it was designed to supply all the little wants of a female population, who were seldom able to indulge in the luxury of going a-shopping. Tom Carson the packman was therefore a great fa-

* Crockery.

vourite, and not only because of his wares, but because he was a cheery, pleasant fellow; and Kirstie remembered well what consternation was caused in the kitchen at Auchensack when a rumour arose that Tom Carson had disappeared; and it was thought that some one must have made away with him, for the sake of his pack, which, as it was new year's time, was unusually heavy. It was only conjecture, however, for nothing could be heard of him; but when at last the snow, which lay that winter for several weeks, had melted, the mystery was solved, and poor Tom Carson, with his donkey and his pack, were found at the bottom of Glen Dyne. It was supposed that he had been coming to Auchensack, where he was a great favourite—that he had been overtaken by the storm—that the donkey had lost its footing, and in his efforts to save the poor animal, he had perished along with it. It was a sad story, and cast a deeper shade of gloom over Glen Dyne, which indeed bore no good name already. As Kirstie toiled up the hill, it all came back appallingly afresh to her memory.

About half-way up the steep precipitous side of the glen, there ran a very narrow, insecure footpath called the "Tod's Path," owing to a fox-burrow up near the head of the glen. Few people ever ventured along it, except the game-keepers and the shepherds, and even they did not care to try it except in broad daylight. At the point where this path turned off from the face of the hill, "Laddie" began again to jump upon his mistress, then running a few steps along the path and coming back, he wagged his tail and looked up at her with beseeching eyes, saying, as plainly as dog could say, in his mute but expressive language: "Come this way." Kirstie did not hesitate to follow, bad though the way was, for it led, she was sure, to her husband; and besides, as a little child she used often to come with her father before she knew what fear was, and therefore knew every turn and bend in the path. Toiling up the wild solitude, her feelings overcame her, and unconsciously forced from her lips the cry: "O Archie, Archie, my man, where are ye?"

Just at this point, a little runlet of water which came down from the hill had spread itself across the path in a solid sheet of ice. Kirstie hesitated, but there was no other way; it was life or death, and she must hasten on: so she did cross, but her foot slipped, and she nar-

rowly escaped falling. The snow now began to fall more quickly and in large flakes, and she had to trust more to memory for the path than actual sight. On and on she went, however, till she had gone nearly a mile up the glen, when suddenly "Laddie" gave a short joyful bark, and she saw a dark object stretched across the path. It was indeed Archie; he was leaning against a large stone which seemed to have broken his fall; his hair was powdered with snow, his face was white and rigid, and his lips were livid. Kirstie never doubted but that he was dead, and threw herself on the ground beside him, with a cry of agony; when suddenly his eyes opened—a conscious look came into his face, and he said in faint low tones: "Is that you, Kirstie? I thocht I was gaun to dee my lane, and never see ye mair."

"Oh, wheest, Archie, wheest," she wailed; "ye'll break my heart; dinna speak that way."

He continued, after a moment's pause: "I slipped at the top o' the brae, and I maun hae dwamed,* for I wakened as cauld as a stane wi' Laddie licking my face; so I sent him home, pair beast. No help could do me guid now, Kirstie," he said, as if in answer to the thoughts which were passing through her mind at the moment. "My leg is broken; and I've hurt my side; and wi' the darkness and the storm, there's nobody fit to help me, gin they were here; and it wad be hours before onybody could come. O Kirstie, woman, I maun leave ye and the wee bairn," he added with a choking sob.

Kirstie did not answer for a moment; and then her face was lighted up with a look of high resolve, and she said: "Mony a time, Archie, have I wondered why the Lord gied me my great strength and my lang arms, but I see it now; and if it be His will, I will save you this night."

"Ye're no fit to carry me," Archie remonstrated feebly; "and think what a road, Kirstie."

"Do I no ken the road better than ony herd in the country?" she replied; "and we maun ask for help higher than man's."

As she knelt beside her husband, with the snow falling on her upturned face, and the wild wind whistling round, and in few and simple words, as if she were speaking to a near and loving friend, asked the aid of the Almighty arm to guide her on her perilous way, and keep her feet from falling, Archie Brydone,

* Fainted.

even in the midst of all his pain and weakness, felt that he had never before truly known his wife. She then lifted Archie, as gently and tenderly as she could; but he gave a deep groan, and she found that he had fainted quite away. "Maybe it's better," she murmured; "he winna know, till the danger's past." Then, with another upward glance for help, she set out on her dangerous way. It would, by this time, have been perfectly dark, but there was a little moonlight, just enough to shew the mere outline of the path and the glen. The path itself was, by this time, quite covered with snow; every step was taken in uncertainty; she hardly knew if she were keeping the path at all. Strong as she was, she staggered at times under her burden, while everything around looked wild and weird in the half-darkness and the thick-falling snow. "Laddie" trotting in front of her, and guiding her on her way, was the only gleam of comfort she had. She went along more by instinct than sight, and after a weary while, she began to think that she must be coming near the mouth of the glen, when suddenly she remembered the sheet of ice across the pathway. If she could hardly cross it then, what was to become of her now, with a heavy burden, and the snow covering the path, so that she could not tell where she was going? Her heart sank within her; she remembered that it was near that very spot that poor Tom Carson was killed, and she felt as if she could not move another step. Just at this moment a ray of moonlight pierced through the drift, and shewed her young Archie's head resting on her shoulder; the face was more boyish than ever in its pallor, and the rings of fair hair lay damp on his forehead. New strength seemed to come to her arms with the sight, and new courage and faith to her heart, and she went bravely on a few more steps, and then, to her joy and surprise, found herself safe out on the hillside, and far past the dangerous place. She had passed it safely and quietly, not knowing of the danger till it was gone. She had the wind to contend with now, and the snowdrift in her face; but in her thankfulness, she felt as if she could overcome everything, and soon was within a few yards of their own door. Then her strength utterly failed; she struggled with beating heart and labouring breath against her weakness, as if it were some physical obstacle; and she did manage, though how she never knew, to reach the

house, enter the door, place Archie on the long settle by the fireside, and then — fell on the floor perfectly unconscious. Poor "Laddie" ran from one to another, not knowing what was the matter, and howling pitifully, while the baby was wailing in the cradle. Help, however, was near at hand, and in a few minutes two men from Auchensack entered the cottage. They had been sent rather against their will, and felt as if they were on a wild-goose chase; but when they arrived at the house, they were horrified with the state of matters, and thankful that a childish fancy — as they thought it at first — should have been the means of bringing them to Dynefoot so opportunely.

The children at Auchensack were extremely fond of Kirstie, and it was a favourite amusement of theirs, every afternoon, as the dusk came on, to watch for the light appearing in her window. When long after the usual time, none appeared, they could not understand it at all; the anniversary of her wedding-day too: what could be the matter? At last, Mr. and Mrs. Gray became uneasy themselves, and sent off the two men, who arrived at the very time when their help was most needed.

Archie "came to" after a little; but nothing they could do had any effect in rousing Kirstie; so one of them went back to Auchensack, and from there was sent on for the doctor. Poor man, he was just sitting down to supper, at a cosy little party, which had assembled to see the "old year out and the new year in," when he was told that the shepherd at Dynefoot had had a bad fall in the glen, and his wife was "near deid" with carrying him home.

"Carrying him home," said one of the company incredulously; "why, it is impossible: the woman must be an Amazon."

"So she is, both in body and soul," replied the doctor, who had known her for years; "and as it is on her account and her husband's, I don't mind the long ride over the snow one bit; so, good-night, and a happy new year to you all."

Kirstie was not "near deid," but she got a great shake, and for some time was graver and quieter than her wont; as if the wings of the Angel of Death had really passed closely by her. One lasting trace she had of her exertions that night — her pretty brown hair was ever after thickly streaked with gray.

Archie, after being ill for a long time, became eventually quite strong and

hearty again; but all his life after was influenced by that wild night in Glen Dyne, and the lesson in simple faith taught him by his wife.

When the "Laird" came to Auchensack, next autumn, for the shooting, he was so pleased to hear of Kirstie's exploit, knowing the glen well, as he did, that he gave the cottage at Dynefoot to her and Archie for their lifetime, promising to build one, if required, for another shepherd. Kirstie was amazed beyond measure with this gift, and it was a mystery to her why people called her a "heroine."

From Temple Bar.
CHATEAUBRIAND AND HIS TIMES.

IN TWO PARTS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

PART II.

It was in the year 1802, at a *fête* given by Lucien Bonaparte (then minister of the interior) to his brother Napoleon, to celebrate the agreement of the Corps Législatif to the Concordat, and to which the author of "Le Génie du Christianisme" had been appropriately invited, that Chateaubriand was first introduced to the First Consul.

I was in the gallery [he says] when Napoleon entered; he produced upon me an agreeable impression; I had never before seen him except at a distance; his smile was flattering and pleasant; he had a wonderful eye. There was not at this time any trickery in his manner, nothing theatrical or affected. . . . Bonaparte caught sight of me, and—I know not how—recognized me. When he made towards me no one knew whom he sought. The ranks opened; each one hoped that the Consul would stop before him. He manifested a certain impatience at these mistakes. I retired behind my neighbours, but he suddenly raised his voice, and said to me, "Monsieur de Chateaubriand!" I then came to the front and the crowd fell back.

He began speaking in an abrupt manner, as though continuing a previous conversation, upon the manners of Eastern nations, just touched upon the subject of Christianity, and went away again. "But I remarked," Chateaubriand goes on to say, "that while passing among the crowd he eyed me far more searchingly than he had done while he was addressing me."

A lady afterwards informed him that Napoleon had been very much pleased with his *conversation*. He had not uttered a word. The great man was pleased with *himself*.

He had a great discernment into men's characters [adds our author] but he would have liked them to have no talents save for *him*, and even then he would have wished them to possess such gifts only on condition that they were very little talked about. Jealous of every one's renown, he looked upon it as a sort of usurpation of his own. There should be but one Napoleon in the universe.

Soon after this interview Chateaubriand was appointed first secretary of the Roman embassy, and a few months afterwards minister of France at the Valais. This post he never filled. Previous to his departure he went to the Tuileries to take leave of the First Consul, whom he had not seen since that meeting at Lucien's.

The gallery where the First Consul received [he writes] was full; he was accompanied by Murat and an aide-de-camp; he passed me almost without stopping. As he approached I was struck with the alteration in his countenance; his cheeks were hollow, his eyes severe, his complexion pale and sallow, his air sombre and terrible. The attraction which had previously drawn me towards him ceased, and instead of placing myself in his path I made a movement to avoid him. He cast upon me a look as if he sought my recognition, took a few steps towards me, then turned upon his heel and walked away.

When, the next morning, he hears a man and woman crying in the streets, "The judgment of the military commission convoked at Vincennes, who condemned to death Louis-Antoine Henri de Bourbon!" the meaning of this strange scene is fearfully revealed to him. "That cry fell upon me like a thunderbolt; it changed my life and that of Napoleon," he says.

He hastened home, and, in spite of the timid counsels of his friends, who thought his safety imperilled by such a step, at once wrote out his resignation and sent it to the Tuileries. Even he himself doubted whether his life might not pay the forfeit of his temerity, for the news of this murder spread universal dismay—the fear that it was only the prelude of a new Reign of Terror.

The death of the Duc d'Enghien [says Chateaubriand] in introducing another principle into the conduct of Bonaparte, destroyed his correct intelligence, obliged him to shield himself by maxims contrary to his disposition,

* See "Chateaubriand," Part I. LIVING AGE, No. 1550.

and which his glory and genius were constantly falsifying. Under such influences he became timid, suspicious; people lost confidence in him and in his destiny; he was obliged to countenance if not to seek men whom otherwise he would never have tolerated, and who by this action believed themselves to be his equals. His great qualities remained the same, but his good inclinations changed and no longer supported them; the corruption engendered by this crime deteriorated his original nature.

In 1804 a great domestic tragedy fell upon Chateaubriand — the death of his beloved sister Lucille. She was a strange morbid creature — a visionary, believing herself gifted with second sight — a Rousseau in petticoats, and with something of the Genevese's hallucination that she was surrounded by secret enemies, from whom it was necessary to conceal herself. Such fancies, born upon the desolate rock of St. Malo, nourished in the gloomy solitude of Combourg, still further developed among the horrors of the Revolution, gradually increased to a mania. While her brother was at Rome she suddenly quitted the convent in which she had been residing, and, pursued by some phantom danger, went away to die in an unknown retreat. An old servant to whose care she had been confided, and who accompanied her in her flight, alone followed the coffin. When her brother returned to France the old servant also was dead; and thus, all clue being lost, he never was able to discover the spot to which her ashes had been confided. "She is gone, that sainted genius!" he writes. "There is not a day that I do not weep for her. Lucille loved concealment; I have made a solitude for her in my heart, which she will quit only when I cease to be."

His life was now for some time retired and inactive, but in 1806 he put a project in force that he had been contemplating from boyhood — a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. These Eastern travels and the return journey through Spain occupied him upwards of a year.

In 1807 he returned to Paris and became the proprietor of a journal — "La Mercure." The Empire was now firmly established, and day by day the chains of despotism were drawn tighter and tighter. One morning there appeared in the pages of "La Mercure" an article which thrilled Paris with fear, joy, and amazement; it was a denunciation of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien and of the tyranny of the government. Bonaparte

was furious. The newspaper was suppressed, an order issued for the proprietor's arrest. Chateaubriand, however, contrived to keep out of the way of the myrmidons of the police, although all his property was confiscated; and in a little time, for some unexplained reason, they ceased to seek him.

He now retired to the Vallée aux Loups, where, unmolested and in the company of his wife, he gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits. Here he commenced his celebrated autobiography, the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," and "Les Martyrs;" and so calmly and peacefully flowed on four uneventful years. In 1811 he was offered the chair of the Institute, left vacant by the death of Marie Chénier, which he nobly refused because he could neither consistently nor conscientiously pronounce that eulogy upon the existing government which such occasions demanded. In the same year he published his "Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem," one of his finest works.

There was something strangely capricious in Bonaparte's behaviour towards him, it was alternately conciliating and inimical. In that same year, 1811, the Emperor demanded of the Institute why the author of "Le Génie du Christianisme" was not mentioned for the decennial prize,* remarking that, since it did not think him worthy of it, he would name him superintendent of all the libraries of France. He never fulfilled this promise, however, and afterwards, without any new cause of offence having been given, the prefect of police hinted to the Viscount that his absence from Paris was desirable. Upon which he retired to Dieppe, and did not return to the capital until the winter of 1813-14.

With the publication of "Les Natchez," the remnants of that enormous *olla podrida* of literature, from which, as it has been before stated, "Atala," "René," and portions of "Le Génie du Christianisme" had been already drawn, his literary career, excepting the "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe," not published until after his death, came to an end.

No writer ever made a more rapid and brilliant fame, no writer was ever more thoroughly *en rapport* with his age; hence the secret of his success. But he has no depth of thought, and little power of characterization. When he becomes didactic or attempts to reason, he invests his pages with a mass of glittering meta-

phors and forced conceits, to hide the poverty of his ideas. Honoured as the revivalist of the Christian faith, no man of genius had ever less of the spirit of Christianity—not even Byron, whom in tone of thought he greatly resembles. The world is full of misery; through a vale of tears and blighted hopes, plucking bright flowers by the way that wither in our grasp, we make our weary pilgrimage to the dark silent grave. Such is the bitter wail that from end to end runs through the *Mémoires*; such is the spirit of “René,” that earlier “Childe Harold.” His imagination was poetical rather than religious, and whenever he attempted to rise to the regions of the divine he signally failed. In imitation of Milton he scaled the Heavens, and even tried to describe the Eternal; he descended into Hell, and painted the region of the damned; but such scenes produce no illusion upon the reader; they are unreal; mere studies of style. The same may be said of his martyrs, who are neither Christians nor Pagans, but mere utterers of curious conceits and pious sentiments, clothed in choice and mellifluous language. In the magnificence of his descriptive passages, however, and in passionate tenderness, he is unrivalled by at least all his predecessors.*

* In order to give those unacquainted with his works some idea of his style I present two extracts from “Atala.” The first is descriptive of a storm in a tropical forest: “Le ciel commença de se couvrir. Toutes les voix de la solitude s’éteignirent, le désert fit silence, et les forêts muettes demeurèrent dans un calme universel. Bientôt les roulements d’un tonnerre lointain se prolongèrent dans ces bois aussi antiques que le monde, en firent sortir des bruits sublimes. Craignant d’être submergés dans le fleuve, nous nous hâtâmes de gagner le bord, et de nous retirer dans une forêt. . . . Cependant l’obscurité redouble: les nuages abaissés entrent sous l’ombrage des bois. Tout à coup la nue se déchire, et l’éclair trace un rapide losange de feu. Un vent impétueux sorti du couchant, mêle en un vaste chaos les nuages avec les nuages. Le ciel s’ouvre coup sur coup, et à travers ses crevasses on aperçoit de nouveaux cieux et des campagnes ardentes. La masse entière des forêts plie. Quel affreux et magnifique spectacle! La foudre allume en divers lieux les bois; l’incendie s’étend comme une chevelure de flammes; des colonnes d’étincelles et de fumées assigent les nues, qui dégorgeant leurs foudres dans le vaste embrasement. Les détonations de l’orage et de l’incendie, le fracas des vents, les gémissements des arbres, les cris des fantômes, les hurlements des bêtes, les clameurs des fleuves, les sifflements des tonnerres, qui s’éteignent en tombant dans les ondes—tous ces bruits multipliés par les échos du ciel et des montagnes, assourdissent le désert.”

The second extract is taken from Atala’s dying scene. Her mother vows her, from her cradle, to virginity, and as soon as she is old enough compels her to take that same vow upon herself. She falls passionately in love, however, with René, who has been a captive among the Indian tribe to which she belongs, and whose escape she contrives. While making their way through the forest along with her lover, finding her passion overmastering her, she commits suicide rather than break her vow.

In the meanwhile, the gigantic despotism of Bonaparte begins to totter; the terrible Russian campaign has stripped the idol of *la grande nation* of the only merit a Frenchman will acknowledge—success. In the Peninsula crushing defeats fall upon his arms, the English are across the Pyrenees, the Allies are marching Pariswards.

It was at this time that Chateaubriand was composing his celebrated pamphlet of “Bonaparte and the Bourbons;” a most dangerous occupation, for within the walls of Paris Napoleon and his police were still omnipotent. At night the manuscript was concealed beneath his pillow; it was written within locked doors, and when he went abroad was always carried upon the person of himself or wife. “I had been obliged,” he writes, “to confide my secret to a printer, who had consented to risk it; after the bulletins of each hour he returned it to me, or came to take back half composed proofs, accordingly as the noise of the cannon sounded nearer or farther from Paris; thus during fifteen days I risked my life upon the cast of a die.”

Paris is taken, and the Allies are masters of it. But even now they scarcely know what government to give to France,

The following is her dying address to her lover: “Mon jeune ami, reprit Atala, tu as été témoin de mes combats, et cependant tu n’en as vu que la moindre partie; je te cachais le reste. Non, l’esclave noir, qui arrose de ses sueurs les sables ardens de la Floride, est moins misérable que n’a été Atala. Te sollicitant à la fuite, et pourtant certaine de mourir si tu t’éloignais de moi; craignant de fuir avec toi dans des déserts, et cependant haletant après l’ombrage des bois, et appelant à grands cris la solitude. . . . Ah! s’il n’avait fallu que quitter parens, amis, patrie; si même (chose affreuse) il n’y eût eu que la perte de mon ame! Mais ton ombre, ô ma mère! ton ombre étoit toujours là, me reprochant ses tourmens. J’entendois tes plaintes, je voyois les flammes de l’enfer te consumer. . . . Mes nuits étoient arides et pleines de fantômes; mes jours étoient désolés; la rosée du soir s’échoit en tombant sur ma peau brûlante; j’entrouvrois mes lèvres aux brises, et les brises, loin de m’apporter la fraîcheur, s’embrasèrent du feu de mon souffle. Quel tourment! de te voir sans cesse auprès de moi, loin de tous les hommes, dans de profondes solitudes, et de sentir entre toi et moi une barrière invincible! Passer ma vie à tes pieds, et servir comme ton esclave, apprêter ton repas et ta couche, dans quelque coin ignoré de l’univers, eût été pour moi le bonheur suprême: ce bonheur, j’y touchois, et je ne pouvois en jouir. Quel dessein n’ai-je point rêvé? quel songe n’ai-je point sorti de ce cœur si triste? Quelquefois, en attachant mes yeux sur toi, au milieu du désert, j’allois jusqu’à former des desirs aussi insensés que coupables. Tantôt j’aurois voulu être avec toi la seule créature vivante sur la terre; tantôt, sentant une divinité qui m’arrêtoit dans mes horribles transports, je desirois que cette divinité se fût anéantie, pourvu que, serrée dans tes bras, j’eusse roulé d’abyme en abyme avec les débris de Dieu et du monde. A présent même—le dirai-je?—à présent, que l’éternité va m’engloutir, que je vais paraître devant le juge inexorable, au moment où, pour obéir à ma mère, je vois avec joie ma virginité devenir ma vie—eh bien! par une affreuse contradiction, j’emporte le regret de n’avoir pas été à toi!”

and Alexander hesitates whether it shall be the child king of Rome or Louis the Eighteenth. In the midst of these doubts, "Bonaparte and the Bourbons" appear. It is a fierce denunciation of Napoleonic tyranny and an appeal to France to rally round the descendant of her ancient kings. Louis said afterwards that that pamphlet did more to place the crown upon his head, than would an army of a hundred thousand soldiers.

In stating the objects he had in view in composing this pamphlet, the author says :

I had such an exalted idea of the genius of Napoleon and of the valour of our soldiers, that a foreign invasion, successful even in its final results, never could have entered into my head ; but I thought that this invasion, by making France feel the perilous situation to which she had been reduced by the ambition of Napoleon, would induce an internal movement, and lead to an effort on the part of the French to free themselves with their own hands from the state of bondage to which they had been reduced. It was with this idea that I wrote my notes, in order that if our political assembly should arrest the advance of the allied armies, and resolve on separating themselves from a great man who had become a scourge, they might know to whom to have recourse. It appeared to me that the only secure refuge was to be found beneath the shelter of that authority (modified so far as to meet the wants of the age), under which our ancestors had existed during the lapse of eight centuries. When, in a storm, there is only an ancient edifice at hand, we fly to it for shelter, all in ruins though it may chance to be.

And so we come to the last end of the last act of the great French Revolution. In the short space of a little more than a score of years France had lived under a Convention, a Reign of Terror, a Directory, a Consulate, and an Empire ; had discovered each to be a political failure ; and so went back to the old form of legitimate monarchy, which she had waded through seas of blood to destroy.

On the third of May, 1814, Louis the Eighteenth entered Paris. How the army received him is thus graphically described by Chateaubriand :

It was thought desirable to spare the King the sight of the foreign troops, and it was therefore a regiment of the *vieille garde* on foot who lined the way from Pont Neuf to Notre Dame along the Quai des Orfèvres. I do not think that human faces ever before wore so threatening and so terrible an expression. These grenadiers, covered with wounds, the conquerors of Europe, who had seen so many thousand balls passing over their heads, who smelt of fire and powder—these same men,

deprived of their captain, were forced to present arms to an aged king, whom time not war had invalidated—watched over as they were by an army of Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, and that in the invaded capital of Napoleon. Some amongst them, frowning with vexation, drew their large fur caps over their eyes, as if to prevent themselves from seeing ; others drew down the corners of their mouths in contemptuous rage ; others showed their teeth like tigers from the midst of their moustaches. When they presented arms it was with a movement of fury, and their arms resounded with a noise which made one tremble. Never, it must be confessed, were men put to such a trial, never did men suffer such a bitter mortification. If, at that moment they had been called upon to revenge themselves, it would have been necessary to exterminate them to the very last man ere they would have bitten the dust.

Paris, as usual, fell into a delirium of delight, and during several days and nights, danced and sang beneath the windows of the Tuileries ; and royalty shewed itself upon the balcony, and bowed graciously, and the mob howled with delight. At every theatre the airs of "Vive Henri Quatre" and "Charmante Gabrielle" were constantly demanded from the orchestra, and received with enthusiastic brayings by an asinine audience. The idol Glory was broken, and upon its pedestal was raised up a stout old gentleman, whom a few months previously the worshippers would have hounded to the scaffold with the utmost zest.

While the Restoration was thus enjoying its honeymoon, poor Glory, as typified by Napoleon Bonaparte, was making his way through France towards his place of exile. But now, he was the nation's idol, the laurel-crowned Emperor, at whose feet Europe lay prostrate, covered by the victorious flag of France ; and had he, in emulation of Gessler, raised his little cocked-hat in every market-place of France, the mob would have salaamed, and bellowed themselves hoarse in adoration of the symbol. "*France*," says Lamartine, "*never tolerates misfortune in her rulers.*" "*Sacre bleu !* has he not lost battles ?" it cries. "Has he not betrayed France ? For Frenchmen can never be defeated except by treachery." And so a virtuous people lash themselves into furious indignation, and salute fallen greatness with cries of "*Vive le roi !* Down with the rascal ! Down with the tyrant !" They execrate him, load him with revilings, sometimes even attack the carriage which carries him, try to tear him out and massacre him, and are with

difficulty beaten off by his escort. Here and there a few poor spiritless creatures, with some pity in their hearts for fallen greatness — the imbeciles ! such are unworthy the name of Frenchmen — cry "*Vive l'Empereur !*" But such are few ; "*la grande nation*" is not composed of such as these. As he advances farther and farther upon his journey, it is found necessary to clothe him in the guise of a courier, to protect him from the ever increasing fury of the crowd. Picture the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz cowering in that ignoble disguise in a dark corner of the carriage, or in some squalid cabaret, trembling, weeping, as he listens to the savage howls and clamours for his life. Such is the picture given by Count Walbourg, one of the officers of the escort, in his description of the journey.

The most eager of all to welcome and pay adulation to the new sovereign were the creatures of Bonaparte, with Fouché at their head. The men of the Terror, of the Directory, of the Consulate, of the Empire — of anything that was uppermost, the noble democrats and regicides who had laved themselves in kingly and aristocratic blood, were now ready to lick the boots of all the Bourbons.

With the restoration of monarchy Parisian society quickly resumed its ancient aspect ; Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, and a host of smaller celebrities hurried back to the capital and reopened their *salons*, and literature, so long crushed beneath the iron heel of military depotism, was suddenly transported into an almost Golden Age. Everywhere in the houses of the aristocracy — of the Duchesse Duras, the Duchesse de Guiche, the Duchesse de la Tremouille, the Comtesse de Caylas (la Favorita) — men of letters were received upon the same footing as the highest nobility. There gathered bright-eyed youths, then in the mere infancy of their genius, unknown names, destined ere long to fill Europe with their fame ; notably Alfred de Vigny, Alphonse Lamartine, fresh from the study of Byron and the composition of "*Les Méditations*," and Victor Hugo, then a Royalist, fervid for Legitimacy as he is now for Red Republicanism.

Looking beyond the literary coteries to society at large, we see Napoleonism and Legitimatism pretending to coalesce, the uniform of the Empire and the uniform of the Bourbons arm in arm, and everywhere the white, green, and red coats of

the invaders galling the natives with the humiliating sense of defeat, which sense they resent by sarcasms, jeers and unlimited hatred.

To say that Louis the Eighteenth was borne to the throne upon the shoulders of monarchical reaction would be to assert a patent untruth. France was weary of Bonapartism, *in defeat* ; it had had enough of revolutions, *for a time* ; to what then could it turn for a new sensation but to Legitimacy ? Chateaubriand relates that Madame de Montcalm sent him twelve hundred crowns, to be distributed among pure Legitimists ; after a long and conscientious search he returned her the money intact ; he had not been able to dispose of a single crown !

By means of the Charter, which gave representative government, two chambers, responsibility of ministers, liberty of the press, and religious toleration, the King hoped to please everybody, and met the proverbial fate of all such hopeful people — he pleased nobody. The Charter in itself was a good honest act, which, *thoroughly carried out*, would have contented almost any European nation except France, and have formed the basis of solid and permanent institutions. That it was not thoroughly carried out was as much the fault of the people as of the government.

The dragon's teeth sown by the Revolution still produced its deadly crop of discordant factions. The iron hand of Napoleon had grasped them all, welded them together, but now that that hand was powerless all was again heterogeneous. The *émigrés*, who formed the ultra-royalist party, would fain have restored the order of things which existed previous to the assembling of the States-General, an idea as impossible of realization as to annihilate the twenty-five intervening years and turn the world back to the year 1789.

Feudalism had disappeared, every tie which had once bound the people to the aristocracy was broken : the latter were aliens and strangers in their native land, which they had quitted in their youth, many in their childhood. To these bigots the Charter was an abrogation of their prerogatives. Again, Louis had passed a law that the present possessors of estates confiscated by the revolutionary government should remain undisturbed in their possession. This enactment, which should at least have secured for him the staunch adherence of one party, alienated two. The aristocrats considered themselves wronged by the

non-restoration of their ancient demesnes, while those who held them regarded this law simply as a temporary necessity, which would endure just so long as king and *émigré* were not sufficiently powerful to break it, and no longer, and that ultimately all would be torn from them. Even the aristocrats were divided among themselves; the first *émigrés* looking with hatred upon those who, conceding to the more moderate principles of the Revolution, had been driven out of France only by its excesses.

The fear and dislike against the clergy were still more pronounced. Those who held the confiscated church lands believed themselves to be even less safe than those who stood in a similar position towards the laity: a belief fatally fostered by certain bigoted priests, who refused the offices of the church to those who held its property. Farmers dreaded the re-establishment of tithes; the smaller shopkeepers and the working classes resented the compulsory observance of the Sabbath as a tax upon their industry which defrauded them of the earnings of one day out of the seven; the Protestants, warned by bitter experience, could not believe in the continuance of toleration while Catholicism reigned at Court.

Again, there were the remnants of the Jacobin party, who still clung to the doctrines of '95, and, in spite of the amnesty proclaimed, feared that as the monarchy waxed stronger they would be called to account for their crimes. How the army was disposed has been already shown. As to the shallow, fickle mob, Louis was not the kind of monarch to impose upon its glitter-loving eyes. "Il faut avouer qu'un roi qui ne peut monter à cheval est un bien chétif animal." The man who uttered those words might be regarded as the mouthpiece of French ideas upon the qualifications of a ruler.

Such were the discordant and hostile elements over which an old man who had spent five and twenty years of his life in exile, and who was gifted with only mediocre administrative abilities, was called upon to rule. Fortunately in his youth he had been a follower of the liberal principles of the pre-revolutionary period, and had continued to be a moderate Royalist. Tainted with the Voltairianism of the same period, he yet respected religion without being a bigot. Left to the exercise of his own free will, he would have been satisfied to have reigned according to the principles of the Charter. But all his surroundings were ultra-royal-

ists and bigots. The Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duc de Berri, and above all the Comte d'Artois, backed by the extreme party of the *émigrés*, were ever urging him to despotism, and, as far as lay in their power, enforcing their counsels.

Scarcely was the Restoration accomplished ere plots for the return of Napoleon began to be concocted in co-operation with Murat; and so bold did the conspirators become, that in a little time they openly discussed in the *salons* and the public coffee-houses the probable return of the ex-Emperor. The symbol of the violet was seen everywhere. And yet, so lethargic were the administrative authorities, that the police made no effort to check the progress of this conspiracy.

At length came the news of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, and shortly afterwards of his landing in France. The government was paralyzed; he marched a hundred leagues without encountering any opposition. The army at once went over to him, and the people, who a few months before had execrated and endeavoured to massacre him, received him with acclamations. The noble Fouché returned to his old master, and at the same time carried on a secret correspondence with the King.

Louis has been sneered at for quitting Paris so ignominiously, but what could he do, without soldiers and surrounded by a hostile population? A little longer and Napoleon was again within the capital, and Louis the Eighteenth once more an exile at Gand. But who should be her ruler was no longer a question for France to decide, it was a question for all Europe; and Europe, resolved that the world should no longer be scourged by the Corsican despot, aroused herself for a mighty effort.

Napoleon's invasion of France was the desperate act of a desperado, who recklessly cast aside the glittering mask beneath which he had hitherto concealed his worthless and mendacious character, and showed himself to the world as he really was. To the army he promised war, rapine, glory; to the citizens he promised peace, and to abide by the Treaty of Paris as far as the boundaries of the country were concerned. He intimated that his escape was connived at by England, and countenanced by Austria; there was no lie or subterfuge that he shrank from uttering or committing. But all came to an end upon the field of Waterloo, and there ended the fourth act of

the bloody Napoleonic drama, of which Europe had been the stage and the people of all nations the actors. The fifth act was an anti-climax: a very tame ending to so blatant a beginning. Sentimentalists still deplore the cruelty of England in consigning Bonaparte to captivity at St. Helena, as if any indulgence could have been yielded to this desolator of the earth, who had shown himself destitute of every principle of truth and honour. Even at St. Helena he attitudinized and posed himself, and lied unblushingly, to excite the pity and admiration of a world that he had ravaged with fire and sword. A great writer has stigmatized Napoleon the Third as Napoleon the Little, but he was at least noble and heroic in his fallen days, and therefore, in so much, a greater man than his big uncle. Bonaparte possessed a magnificent genius, but neither heart nor honour. His ambition was as rapacious and insensate as Alexander's, and he was to mankind a scourge as terrible as Attila.

It is a strange anomaly that in an age in which we carry peace proclivities to poltroonery, when like a cowardly school-boy, we will endure any number of kicks rather than fight, such a glamour, such a false halo, should still surround a man who, although he was a great warrior in his days of power, was but a poor creature when fortune deserted him. Think — oh, ye admirers of this great conqueror! — of the millions of widows and orphans he left desolate upon the world — of the millions of brave men, the very flower of Europe's manhood, that perished in agony and misery in every land, from the sun-scorched plains of Egypt to the snow-laden steppes of Russia; think of the wail of anguish that went up from millions of women's hearts, mourning for those brave fellows that lay stark and bloody upon the earth, food for the wolf and the vulture. Think of the huts, the palaces, the villages, the towns, the thousands of happy homes that he reduced to charred and blackened ruins, burnt-offerings to Satan; think of the thousands upon thousands of women violated and of peaceful citizens butchered by a savage soldiery! Think of the thousands of acres of golden grain trampled into corruption beneath the horses' hoofs and fouled with blood; think of the thousands of famished homeless wretches perishing of exposure, cold, and hunger; and think that all this was one man's work! For what end? For the mere lust of conquest, for the mere gratifi-

cation of an idea — the empire of the world. The ferocious hordes that under Timour and Genghis Khan swarmed over the world from the Arabian deserts and the plains of Tartary, sword and Koran in hand, were animated by a purpose they believed to be divine; they were the champions of a faith they promulgated with a fervour that even shames the martyrs of Christianity. Such men — as ready to die as to kill, to endure as to inflict — were noble heroes compared to this remorseless selfish despot, who had no thought beyond the all-absorbing SELF. His apologists are ever reminding us of his splendid genius: we admire the beauty of the tiger and the panther, but we cannot for that regard them less as scourges dangerous to man and to be swept away.

Chateaubriand had accompanied the king to Gand, where he was named minister of the Interior. When the Court returned to Paris, Fouché, as a reward for his dirty work, was named minister of police, upon which the Viscount, like an honest man, refusing to be colleague with such a scoundrel, resigned.*

The reaction of ultra-royalism and religious bigotry, which had scarcely more than threatened during the first year of the monarchy, now burst forth with resistless fury. Louis had, on his return, promised to rule according to the Charter; but alas! what could this old man, of little energy and too much given to ease, do to stem the torrent that foamed and roared around him? The late events had wonderfully strengthened the hands of the *émigrés*, by, as it were, showing the impossibility of repressing the widespread spirit of sedition by any other means than the exercise of absolute authority. "Bonapartism is still rife in the land; it will never cease to plot and conspire while it has life; therefore our safety demands that it shall be utterly stamped out." Such was the argument of the ultra-royalist, as in the "nineties" it had been, with the alteration of the name, the argument of the Red Republican. A cruel and universal proscription of the Bonapartists was the result. Several of the executions, however, which have been the most universally con-

* And yet it is difficult to say how the King could have done otherwise. Fouché possessed an immense influence over a party that represented many shades of opinion, from Jacobinism to moderate Liberalism, and which he carried wherever he pleased; and his nomination was approved of by Wellington, probably on account of the treacherous service he had done during the Hundred Days.

demned, were the most justifiable, notably those of Ney and Labédoyère. These men were soldiers, who had sworn allegiance to the King; they broke that oath, and by every military code in the world their rightful doom was death. Had they refused the oath they would have merited universal esteem. But they were double traitors: first, in deserting the man under whom they had risen to greatness; secondly, in deserting the man whom they had gone over to for mere loaves and fishes. Traitor soldiers have been the curse of France ever since the first Revolution. Let her show them no mercy.

But no such justification can be advanced for other ultra-royalist doings, except such as may be urged in extenuation of the revengeful passions of men who had been hunted down, driven out of their native land, despoiled of their estates, and few of whom had not some relative near and dear who had fallen beneath the guillotine, and whose memory called upon them for vengeance. Such was certainly the point of view from which the Royalists regarded their own actions, and which, in order to form a correct judgment of the events, should be considered by posterity in conjunction with the impartial view of non-interested persons. Nevertheless, we must all deplore the sanguinary excesses of this period, the cruel persecution of the fallen party, the Draconian laws, and above all, those infamous riots, massacres and assassinations, fomented equally by Royalists, Liberalists, and priests, which spread consternation throughout the land, and which people called "the White Terror."

Chateaubriand's position at this time is well indicated by Louis de Loménie, in "La Nouvelle Biographie Universelle" (Art. "Chateaubriand"). After Waterloo, he says, Chateaubriand preserved his title of minister of state, but refused to accept the portfolio in company with Fouché. Three parties disputed the government; the Ultra-royalists wished the King minus the Charter; the Liberalists, the Charter minus the King; the Moderates, the two combined. By sympathy, conviction, and the instincts of his genius, Chateaubriand belonged to the last. But, whether carried away by hatred of the imperial *régime*, by the violent partisanship of his last writings, or by certain sympathies for individuals, he found himself at first enrolled among the most intolerant supporters of the

throne and altar. Nevertheless, even in that equivocal position, he did not make a complete abdication of his principles. There were two which, as two brilliant torches, ever shone upon his political life: he always defended representative government and the liberty of the press, both by pen and speech. He now conceived the plan of constitutionally educating the *émigrés*, and rallying them around the Charter. These chimerical ideas led him on to injudicious concessions in the hope of winning others, and imparted a mosaic and contradictory aspect to all his writings, more especially to his "La Monarchie selon la Charte"—a pamphlet which gave great offence to the Bourbons. In this *brochure* he in one page eloquently asserts the principles of representative government, and almost denounces the *ancien régime*; in the next he inveighs against the men of the republic and the empire, and is indignant that the soldiers of La Vendée, who died for their king, should be put upon an equality with those who died at Waterloo. "He accepts as good the results of the Revolution, but rejects the men and the principles that created them," adds the writer.

Victor Hugo, who was first introduced to Chateaubriand in 1819, has given us a vivid portrait of his manner and personal appearance at that date. When the young poet entered the room he saw him leaning in a stately attitude against the mantelpiece. He affected the bearing of a soldier; his neck was encased in a high military stock, and his tight-fitting frock coat was closely buttoned to the throat. His body was small and bent, but his head was remarkably fine, although out of all proportion with his figure. The expression was grave and noble, the nose firm and imperious, the eyes haughty; a sweet smile occasionally relieved the mouth of its normal severe expression. On this particular morning his manner was gracious and charming, but on other occasions Hugo found him a man of freezing politeness, exciting awe rather than sympathy. In money affairs he was munificently lavish. He always kept upon his mantelpiece piles of five-franc pieces, which were distributed in charity to the genteel beggars that constantly infested his doors.

The reactionary fury of 1815 at length abated, and from 1816 to 1820 France was governed by more moderate and constitutional counsels. But the assassination of the Duc de Berri brought about a second reaction, and, at the request

of the Comte d'Artois, the dismissal of the minister Decazes. "*Les pieds lui sont glissés dans le sang!*" cried Chateaubriand, who had unceasingly denounced him in his journals. Censorship of the press and a general undoing of liberal measures, confusion, Carbonari plots, general discontent—such is the tale of the remainder of Louis the Eighteenth's reign until his death in 1824.

In our judgments of this King too little allowance has, as a rule, been made for the influences under which his character was formed, and the circumstances under which he reigned. Born and educated under the *ancien régime*, he had been taught to believe the authority of kings divine and irresponsible. The march of revolutionary ideas, as they came upon his quiet English home of exile, were not likely to find a convert in him, since they were antagonistic to all his interests. Mounting the throne at an age when men find it impossible to adopt new principles and remodel their minds, surrounded by furious and bigoted partisans of absolutism, the wonder is that he governed as constitutionally as he did. He supported art and letters, his judgment was correct, his conversation frequently *spirituelle*, and manifesting great knowledge of men. But it must be confessed that there is little to praise in his character, either as monarch or man.

One felt in his presence [says Chateaubriand] a mixture of confidence and respect; the kindness of his heart was manifested in his speech, the greatness of his race in his air. Always calm and reasonable, one could say that he knew how to understand all. Egotist and devoid of all prejudices, Louis the Eighteenth desired tranquillity at any price; he sustained his ministers while they could command a majority, but dismissed them as soon as that majority was shaken and his repose deranged. His grandeur consisted in his patience; he did not go to events, events came to him. Without being cruel this king was not humane; tragic catastrophes neither touched nor astonished him. He contented himself by saying to the Duc de Berri who apologized for the misfortune of troubling, by his assassination, the sleep of the king, "*J'ai fait ma nuit.*" Yet this tranquil man, when he was opposed, fell into terrible passions, and this prince, so cold, so insensible, had attachments which resembled passions.

Soon after the second Restoration Chateaubriand had been appointed ambassador to Sweden, and afterwards to Berlin, and in 1822 he filled the same high post at the Court of Great Britain. In that very capital, where a score and a half of

years before he had been a penniless, famishing, unknown wanderer, and had almost perished of hunger, he was now the representative of France, and hailed as one of the most illustrious geniuses of Europe.

As a man of literature his career was ended, but as a journalist he stood in the first and most influential rank, as the pages of *La Conservateur* testified. Spite of occasional crotchets and backslidings, he was always the consistent champion of rational liberty.

In this same year of 1822 he represented France at the Congress of Verona, where he warmly pleaded the cause of the Greeks. He was afterwards made minister of foreign affairs, from which post he was almost ignominiously dismissed by the minister Villèle. In the *Journal des Débats* he vigorously attacked the reactionary and unconstitutional acts of the government.

And so we come to the accession of Charles the Tenth, whereat, spite of his well-known absolute divine-right proclivities and intolerant bigotry, Paris went wild with joy, and shouted itself hoarse. Chateaubriand penned his "*Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi*"—a somewhat over-jubilant and fulsome offering to the new King, and as a "chevalier of the orders," assisted at the coronation at Rheims. "Charles having some difficulty in removing his gloves to take my hands, said, smiling, *Chat ganté ne prend point de souris*" (the gloved cat catches no mice). Coldly received at Court, he retired to Lausanne, where he remained some time. "Upon my return to Paris," he writes, "my time was occupied between my establishment in the Rue d'Enfer, my combats in the Chamber, renewed against the different projects inimical to public liberty, my discourses and writings in favour of Greece, and in preparing the complete edition of my works."

After the fall of Villèle he was appointed ambassador to Rome, where, in the society of a delightful coterie of refined and intellectual Frenchwomen, foremost amongst whom was his dearest and truest friend, Madame Récamier,* the months

* Madame Récamier was one of the most celebrated French women of the early part of the nineteenth century. Married at sixteen to a millionaire, her salons under the Directory and the Consulate were the most splendid and exquisite of Paris, and the resort of all that was famous and beautiful; she herself most beautiful of all, "she, whose angelic face could bear no other name," says Lamartine, "and of whom it was said that one look sufficed to bind your heart to her forever." She was one of Madame de Staël's most devoted friends, and shared with her the Napoleonic

passed pleasantly away. Upon the accession of Polignac to the ministry he returned to France and resigned his appointment, feeling himself unable, with any consistency, to retain office under a man whose principles were so opposed to his own. He now retired to Dieppe, from which he was speedily summoned by the news of the fatal ordinances of July (1830), and arrived in Paris just in time to be a spectator of the Revolution, and to be carried in triumph to the Palais de Justice upon the shoulders of the people, who hailed him as the deliverer of the press.

Here ends his political life. He disappointed of the Orleanist accession, and wrote several *brochures* against the banishment of the elder branch of the Bourbons, for which Louis Philippe at length ordered his arrest; his detention, however, lasted only a few days. Previous to this he had published his "*De la Restauration et de la Monarchie électorale*," in which he made the following curious confession of political faith: "I am a Bourbon by honour, a Royalist by reason and conviction, a Republican by taste and character."

In this conflict of utterly opposite principles lies the secret of the unsatisfactoriness of his political career and of the apparent inconsistency of his conduct and principles, which now inclined to the side of Absolution, now to the side of extreme Liberalism; his dream was to harmonize these discords: a dream hopeless of realization.

The remaining years of his life, some sixteen, were spent in privacy, and, sad to say, in poverty; he was now a creature of the past; he had outlived his age, almost his fame; new schools of writing had sprung up, and other, and great writers, had taken his whilom place in the literary world. He lived abroad in Switzerland and elsewhere, for several years, but ultimately returned to Paris to die.

The only distraction of his monotonous life consisted in passing two or three hours of each day at the Abbaye aux Bois. There he found himself under the charming influence of Madame Récamier, the sole object of whose existence was to *déennuyer* this Louis the Fourteenth of literature, who was as *ennuyé* as the great king himself. Each day, with the exactness of a clock, the inhabitants of the

frowns and banishment. At the Restoration she returned to Paris. It was at this period that she first met Chateaubriand; an enduring friendship sprang up between these two kindred spirits which only death dissolved. He died first, and a few months afterwards Madame Récamier followed him to the grave.

Rue de Sévres saw him pass, elegantly dressed in a short riding-coat, towards the Abbaye. But as old age advanced upon him he came in a coach, and found the aid of a stick necessary to ascend the stairs. At length, when his limbs became utterly decrepit, he was carried up in a chair by a couple of servants. This helplessness, so odious to his poetical imagination, brought on an incurable melancholy. As his faculties grew weaker he retired more and more within himself, and fearful lest people should see that his mind like his body was sinking beneath the weight of years, he imposed silence upon himself and seldom spoke. That old age, so sad and silent, was a pitiable sight; but it had always something imposing in it which commanded respect. It was neither the fussy egotistical old age of Voltaire, nor the calm and egotistical old age of Goethe; it was an egotistical old age, but of an egotism more elevated and less presumptuous; it was the egotism of a genius who had worked fifty years to live in the memory of men, and who suffered because he doubted of his glory, because the present interested him no more, because the future disquieted him.*

He died in the year 1849. His remains were carried to St. Malo, and deposited in the sepulchre which he himself had chosen upon a neighbouring island, called Le Grand Bé. The wild Atlantic, which had moaned the lullaby of his infancy, now chants a perpetual dirge around his tomb.

Shortly after his death the "*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*," were published, and created considerable sensation throughout Europe. The book is a history of his life and of his age, beginning with his birth and ending with the revolution of 1830; it is wonderfully interesting, more especially the first volumes, as being a chronicle of a most varied and remarkable career. It is one of many popular fallacies that true genius is modest. Our knowledge of celebrated men by no means carries out this theory, but rather leads us to the conclusion that the greater number, if not all, have been very vividly impressed with the consciousness of their exceptional gifts. What is called modesty is, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, simply self-suppression. Chateaubriand's power of self-suppression was exceedingly small, even for a Frenchman; consequently his autobiography is, from beginning to end, suffused with the purest egotism; he is ever pursued by the phantom of depreciation, and bitterly resents not only hostile criticism but the absence of laudation in contemporary writers. For instance, he considers him-

* *Biographie universelle.*

self greatly injured because his name is omitted in Madame de Staël's "*De l'Allemande*," although at the period that book was composed "*Atala*" had not appeared and he was a writer unknown to fame, save by his "Essay upon Revolutions," a work of no striking merit. His brilliancy was that of a shooting star, dazzling but evanescent. It is scarcely a quarter of a century since the tomb closed over him, and already he is little more than a *memory*.

From Chambers' Journal.
ABOUT RETRIEVERS.

HAVING been a dog-fancier from my youth upwards, I should like to say a little about the retriever, which is, to my mind, by far the most universally sagacious of the tribe. I am never without two or three specimens of the animal to help me in my shooting operations, and at present I may speak of Bob as being at the head of the list.

Bob made his appearance at the early age of about two months old, or thereabouts, in a butcher's cart. I do not know to what indignities he was exposed between the period of his birth and his being weaned, but certain it is that he has ever borne a rooted and offensive dislike to tradesmen's carts in general, and to butchers' in particular. Tramps, too, are the objects of much display of temper. Don't talk to me of mere instinct; that animal knows the difference between a tramp and an honest steady workman better than anybody. So high are his own notions of integrity, that even if we are walking miles distant from home, it is not an easy matter to prevent Bob from attacking a tramp if one comes in his way.

As to his pedigree, he is the son of Sam, which was the son of Wisdom, which was the son of Dash. Dash was one of those wonderful beings who live once in a generation, rather to shew to what a height breeding may go, than as ordinary creatures. The special use of a retriever, as is well known, is to search for and pick up the game that has fallen. He accordingly must not only be a good finder but a good carrier. If possessing proper natural genius, he may be easily educated to carry a glove, a pocket-handkerchief, or any other trifle. I have even known a retriever able to carry a written order to a particular tradesman, and faithfully

bring back an answer. Dash was a retriever of this sort—a most accomplished dog. He would retrieve a glove or a pocket-handkerchief if he had to go a day's journey for it; and to see him on the moors circumventing an old cock-grouse near the end of the season, beats all description. Dash's day was almost over when I knew him, and although he would occasionally put a pack of meaner mortals to shame, his feats of extraordinary skill were getting few and far between. The prettiest thing I ever saw him do myself was on an occasion when a partridge was wounded by one of the party, but apparently not mortally so. Dash stood at "tention," his paws lightly but firmly planted on the ground, and his head on one side, with his ears cocked. He remained thus for two or three minutes, long after the birds had disappeared over the brow of the hill. He then started off in pursuit and came back in a short time with the bird in his mouth. He had evidently waited until he heard the bird flop on the ground, dead or dying.

Wisdom, the son of Dash, I am sorry to say, belied his name; he was a stupid, heavy animal, and degenerated at length into the position of watch-dog in the stable-yard. The glories of the family, thus for a short time tarnished by the inaction of Wisdom, were, however, greatly revived in Sam, who, if he had come after Dash would have been a marvellous dog too. As an instance of the practical turn which Sam's intellect took, I may relate the following anecdote: One evening his master went to a friend's house to escort his sister home, and, after remaining half an hour or so, went away with his sister, but forgetting to call Sam, who lay asleep under the hall-table. Samuel, being aroused by the servants when they came to lock up the house for the night, went home in high dudgeon, maintaining a dignified silence for several days. Another evening shortly afterwards my friend had the same errand to perform, and Sam again condescended to accompany him. On leaving the house, his master did not forget to ask where he was, and was informed that he was, as usual, asleep under the hall-table. "But," said the servant, "he is determined you shan't go without him to-night." On looking under the table, Sam was discovered fast asleep, but with my friend's cap and stick under his muzzle!

Sam was, however so little an improvement on Wisdom, that it was thought

necessary to import some new blood into the family; and of the union thus achieved, Bob is the result. What, as I have said before, were the conditions of the first eight weeks of this animal's career, I know not; but he is certainly the handsomest of all dogs since the days of Dash. Coming here as a puppy, and brought up with the children, he has the sweetest of tempers; and if increasing years have added a dignity to his deportment which Beauty has not, it certainly does not detract from his appearance. When visitors come to the house, he permits them to pat him to some extent, but he receives the attention rather as proper homage than as anything pleasant, and has no scruple in saying when he has had enough of it. Being now upwards of nine years old, he has discarded active gamboling, save, as has been said before, when there is an accumulation of irritation in a portion of his skin, or on other occasions of a like nature; but he was known recently to fetch a stick off the pond to oblige a little gipsy of a niece of mine. It was done, however, with so much deliberation, and so decidedly regarded as a favour, that the hint was taken, and the request was not repeated.

But what shall we say of Beauty, the curly-haired, hazel-eyed little siren? I found the little monkey about four years ago on the road-side, deserted by some brute or another, and evidently not more than three weeks old. I put her in my pocket, and carried her home, and fed her with warm milk off the point of my finger. She had a long struggle for life, but conquered in the end, and grew into a wonderful beauty. She is very small, being not much larger than a spaniel, but her points are perfect. Although nearly four years of age, she is as lively still as a puppy, and honest Bob often looks with astonishment, but not with disfavour, on her perpetual gambols.

Living as she has done with the children, of course she has been taught all sorts of tricks. My irreverent first-born, thinking to instil good principles into her, taught her that she should not eat if she was told it is Friday. So perfect is she now, that she will drop the most delicious morsel out of her mouth if any one says it is Friday, and only take it up again when she is assured by some one (on whom she can rely) that it is Sunday. Being a spoiled pet all her life, she has learned none of the sterner qualities, and makes a poor show in a turnip-field. She looks upon a day's shooting as some-

thing got up entirely for her own amusement, and much disconcerts gamekeepers and dogs like Bob by her inattention to the demands of sport. She much prefers leaping on an old gentleman's shoulders, and walking off with his hat, to stalking the largest covey of partridges that ever settled in stubble. I am afraid she is incorrigible; but I cannot help owning that the fault is my own, for we never had the heart to let her go through the flogging necessary to train the best dogs. Her mouth is as soft as butter, and when she can be made to take a serious view of anything, she carries beautifully without making a single mark, however soft the article may be. She carries an egg very well indeed, if any one is watching her; but if she thinks she is unobserved, her partiality for its contents overcomes her, and she transfers them from the shell to her own mouth. Last year, we were attempting to hatch and rear two or three settings of eggs of a very rare and peculiar kind of ducks, and Miss Beauty, who had some family matters of her own to attend to at the time, was locked up in the inclosure where their pond is. Every morning the two or three nests were regularly empty, and suspicion fell on every one about the place in his turn. Old Charlie, my handy man, got particular injunctions to watch the place well, because, as I said to him, it must be some one about the place, as Beauty would never let a strange thief get in. The place was accordingly watched, and at length Charlie came and said he had caught the delinquent. This was none other than the gardener's boy; about whom, however, an elaborate *alibi* was set up immediately, and attested beyond the possibility of doubt. I then determined to watch the nests myself, and, putting an egg in one of them, I withdrew to a room in the house, having a window which overlooked the scene. After waiting an hour or so, I saw Beauty come out of her kennel, go sniffing about the place till she came to the nest with the egg in it. She looked surprised to see it there, gave a hasty look round, to see that no one was looking, and bolted it shell and all. I confess this was too much for me; I went down, armed with a whip, and gave her a sound flogging. I expressed to her my surprise that she who had been placed there partly as a custodian of the eggs against rats, &c., should have so degraded her trust; and upon my word, I think she knew what I said to her. We never lost another egg. Indeed, so anx-

ious did she become about their safety, that she began scraping holes all round the pond—old rat-holes, which I had stopped up. At length she so tore the ground at the roots of a willow which hung over the pond, that I held a consultation with Charlie as to the advisability of putting her elsewhere. Next morning, however, that functionary came to me before breakfast, and said: "I've found out what Beauty's a-scratching at, sir; there's a weasel in the 'ole, sir, right underneath that 'ere willow; but she can't get at it, sir, on account of them roots. I seed it this morning; and if we don't get it, sir, we shan't have many young ducks." It was true; and Beauty accepted an apology for having been suspected of mischief.

At my feet, just now, alongside of Beauty, lies a *bijou* little black-and-tan English terrier, weighing about five pounds, and answering to the name of Mid—short for Semiramide—which name was playfully given to it as being the first one we could think of which, spelled in large capitals, was considerably larger than itself. In the lawn, at a respectful distance from Bob, and ever and anon trotting off to see what is going on in the stable, dozes Gyp, a very pure little Dandie, about whom a thousand stories might be told. Mop is near him; she is a French poodle, and her likeness to that stable implement gave her the name. And at the end of the group, basking in the sun, and dreaming of goodness knows what, lies a handsome St. Bernard of enormous size. She came to me quite a puppy, and received the name of Buda, because in her growing days her appetite was so dreadfully large that I could think of no title more appropriate than that which serves for a capital of Hungary. But, handsome and docile and intelligent as Buda is, she never has had, and never will have, the same position in our domestic arrangements that Bob and Beauty have. "The dog alone," says the writer of a charming article on the Dog, in an old *Quarterly Review*, "of all the brute creation, shews a perfect attachment, alone understands our wishes, adapts himself to our habits, waits upon our commands, associates with us as a friend." This is true of dogs in general, but I think of sporting dogs in particular, and of retrievers in the highest degree. After them comes the shepherd's dog. The Newfoundland, the St. Bernard, the Mastiff, are all exceedingly sagacious, but they lack that refin-

ing touch which a good education gives even to dogs. The collie-dog, with his homely teaching, does wonderful things, no doubt, and is both an assistant and a dear friend to the simple shepherd, his master; but he has not that polish which makes a man or a dog at home in any society. Beauty, for instance, without any training at all, is a first-rate sheep-dog, and will bring the few sheep in the plantation to order, whenever they are encroaching on the young trees. But I do not think that any but a very exceptional sheep-dog could be got, without any training, to point, carry game, "down charge," and so forth, as Bob did in his infancy. Poor old Bob and little Beauty! They have made many a long trip with me over hill and dale, in summer and in winter; and many a pleasant memory do I have, and so I have little doubt have they, as I sit in the library of a winter's night, and they lie snoring at my feet.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XV.

A MORNING MEETING: THE LETTER AGAIN.

THE scarlet and orange light outside the malthouse did not penetrate to its interior, which was, as usual, lighted by a rival glow of similar hue, radiating from the hearth.

The maltster, after having lain down in his clothes for a few hours, was now sitting beside a three-legged table, breakfasting off bread and bacon. This was eaten on the plateless system, which is performed by placing a slice of bread upon the table, the meat flat upon the bread, a mustard plaster upon the meat, and a pinch of salt upon the whole, then cutting them vertically downwards with a large pocket-knife till wood is reached, when the severed lump is impaled on the knife, elevated, and sent the proper way of food. The maltster's lack of teeth appeared not to sensibly diminish his powers as a mill. He had been without them for so many years that toothlessness was felt less to be a defect than hard gums an acquisition. Indeed, he seemed to approach the grave as a hyperbolic curve approaches a line—sheering off as he got nearer, till it was doubtful if he would ever reach it at all.

In the ashpit was a heap of potatoes

roasting, and a boiling pipkin of charred bread, called "coffee," for the benefit of whomsoever should call, for Warren's was a sort of village clubhouse, there being no inn in the place.

"I say, says I, we get a fine day, and then down comes a snapper at night," was a remark now suddenly heard spreading into the malthouse from the door, which had been opened the previous moment, and the form of Henery Fray advanced to the fire, stamping the snow from his boots when about half-way there. The speech and entry had not seemed to be at all an abrupt beginning to the maltster, introductory matter being often omitted in this neighbourhood, both from word and deed, and the maltster having the same latitude allowed him, did not hurry to reply. He picked up a fragment of cheese, by pecking upon it with his knife, as a butcher picks up skewers.

Henery appeared in a drab kerseymere great-coat, buttoned over his smockfrock, the white skirts of the latter being visible to the distance of about a foot below the coat-tails, which, when you got used to the style of dress, looked natural enough, and even ornamental—it certainly was comfortable.

Matthew Moon, Joseph Poorgrass, and other carters and waggons followed at his heels, with great lanterns dangling from their hands, which showed that they had just come from the cart-horse stables, where they had been busily engaged since four o'clock that morning.

"And how is she getting on without a baily?" the maltster enquired.

Henery shook his head, and smiled one of the bitter smiles, dragging all the flesh of his forehead into a corrugated heap in the centre.

"She'll rue it—surely, surely!" he said. "Benjy Pennyways were not a true man or an honest baily—as big a betrayer as Joey Iscariot himself. But to think she can manage alone!" He allowed his head to swing laterally three or four times in silence. "Never in all my creeping up—never!"

This was recognized by all as the conclusion of some gloomy speech which had been expressed in thought alone during the shake of the head; Henery meanwhile retained several marks of despair upon his face, to imply that they would be required for use again directly he should go on speaking.

"All will be ruined, and ourselves, too, or there's no meat in gentlemen's houses!" said Mark Clark, in the man-

ner of a man ready to burst all links of habit.

"A headstrong maid, that's what she is—and won't listen to no advice at all. Pride and vanity have ruined many a cobbler's dog. Dear, dear, when I think of it, I sorrows like a man in travel!"

"True, Henery, you do, I've heard ye," said Joseph Poorgrass, in a voice of thorough attestation, and with a wire-drawn smile of misery.

"'Twould do a martel man no harm to have what's under her bonnet," said Billy Smallbury, who had just entered, bearing his one tooth before him. "She can spaike real language, and must have some sense somewhere. Do ye conceive me?"

"I do, I do; but no baily—I deserved that place," wailed Henery, signifying wasted genius by gazing blankly at visions of a high destiny apparently visible to him on Billy Smallbury's smockfrock. "There, 'twas to be, I suppose. Your lot is your lot, and Scripture is nothing; for if you do good you don't get rewarded according to your works, but are cheated in some mean way out of your recompense."

"No, no; I don't agree with 'ee there," said Mark Clark, decisively. "God's a perfect gentleman in that respect."

"Good works good pay, so to speak it," attested Joseph Poorgrass.

A short pause ensued, and as a sort of *entracte* Henery turned and blew out the lanterns, which the increase of daylight rendered no longer necessary even in the malthouse, with its one pane of glass.

"I wonder what a farmer-woman can want with a harpsichord, dulcimer, pianner, or whatever 'tis they d' call it," said the maltster. "Liddy saith she've a new one."

"Got a pianner?"

"Ay. Seems her old uncle's things were not good enough for her. She've bought all but everything new. There's heavy chairs for the stout, weak and wiry ones for the slender; great watches getting on to the size of clocks, to stand upon the chimbley-piece."

"Pictures, for the most part wonderful frames."

"Long horse-hair settles for the drunk, with horse-hair pillows at each end."

"Looking-glasses for the pretty."

"Lying books for the wicked."

A firm loud tread was now heard stamping outside; the door was opened about six inches, and somebody on the other side exclaimed—

"Neighbours, have ye got room for a few new-bofn lambs?"

"Ay, sure, shepherd," said the conclave.

The door was flung back till it kicked the wall and trembled from top to bottom with the blow. Mr. Oak appeared in the entry with a steaming face, hay-bands wound about his ankles to keep out the snow, a leather strap round his waist outside the smockfrock, and looking altogether an epitome of the world's health and vigour. Four lambs hung in various embarrassing attitudes over his shoulders, and the dog George, which Gabriel had contrived to fetch from Norcombe, stalked solemnly behind.

"Well, Shepherd Oak, and how's lambing this year, if I may say it?" enquired Joseph Poorgrass.

"Terrible trying," said Oak. "I've been wet through twice a-day, either in snow or rain, this last fortnight. Cainy and I haven't tined our eyes to-night."

"A good few twins, too, I hear, so to speak it?"

"Too many by half. Yes, 'tis a very queer lambing this year. Weshan't have done by Lady Day."

"And last year 'twere all over by Sexagessamine Sunday," Joseph remarked.

"Bring on the rest, Cain," said Gabriel, "and then run back to the ewes. I'll follow you soon."

Cainy Ball — a cherry-faced young lad, with a small circular orifice by way of mouth, advanced and deposited two others, and retired as he was bidden. Oak lowered the lambs from their unnatural elevation, wrapped them in hay, and placed them round the fire.

"We've no lambing-hut here, as I used to have at Norcombe," said Gabriel, "and 'tis such a plague to bring the weakly ones to a house. If 'twasn't for your place here, maltster, I don't know what I should do, this keen weather. And how is it with you to-day, maltster?"

"O, neither sick nor sorry, shepherd; but no younger."

"Ay — I understand."

"Sit down, Shepherd Oak," continued the ancient man of malt. "And how was the old place at Norcombe when ye went for your dog? I should like to see the old familiar spot; but faith, I shouldn't know a soul there now."

"I suppose you wouldn't. 'Tis altered very much."

"Is it true that Dicky Hill's wooden cider-house is pulled down?"

"O yes — years ago, and Dicky's cottage just above it."

"Well, to be sure!"

"Yes; and Tompkins's old apple-tree is rooted that used to bear two hogs-heads of cider with its own apples, and no help from other trees."

"Rooted? — you don't say it! Ah! stirring times we live in — stirring times."

"And you can mind the old well that used to be in the middle of the place? That's turned into a solid iron pump with a large stone trough, and all complete."

"Dear, dear — how the face of nations alter, and what great revolutions we live to see now-a-days! Yes — and 'tis the same here. They've been talking but now of the mis'ess's strange doings."

"What have you been saying about her?" inquired Oak, sharply turning to the rest, and getting very warm.

"These middle-aged men have been pulling her over the coals for pride and vanity," said Mark Clark; "but I say, let her have rope enough. Bless her pretty face — shouldn't I like to do so — upon her cherry lips!" The gallant Mark Clark here made a peculiar and well-known sound with his own.

"Mark," said Gabriel, sternly, "now you mind this: none of that dalliance-talk — that philandering way — that dandle-smack-and-coddle style of yours — about Miss Everdene. I don't allow it. Do you hear?"

"With all my heart, as the old woman said," replied Mr. Clark, heartily.

"I suppose you've been speaking against her?" said Oak, turning to Joseph Poorgrass with a very grim look.

"No, no — not a word I — 'tis a real joyful thing that she's no worse, that's what I say," said Joseph, trembling and blushing with terror. "Matthew just said —"

"Matthew Moon, what have you been saying?" asked Oak.

"I? Why ye know I wouldn't harm a worm — no, not one underground worm!" said Matthew Moon, looking very uneasy.

"Well, somebody has — and look here, neighbours." Gabriel, though one of the quietest and most gentle men on earth, rose to the occasion, with martial promptness and vigour. "That's my fist." Here he placed his fist, rather smaller in size than a common loaf, in the mathematical centre of the maltster's little table, and with it gave a bump or two thereon, as if to ensure that their eyes all thoroughly took in the idea of fistiness before he went further. "Now — the first man in

the parish that I hear prophesying bad of our mistress, why?"—(here the fist was raised and let fall, as Thor might have done with his hammer in essaying it)—"he'll smell and taste that—or I'm a Dutchman."

All earnestly expressed by their features that their minds did not wander to Holland for a moment on account of this statement, well knowing it was but a powerful form of speech; but were deploring the difference which gave rise to the figure; and Mark Clark cried, "Hear, hear, as the undertaker said." The dog George looked up at the same time after the shepherd's menace, and though he understood English but imperfectly, began to growl.

"Now, don't ye take on so, shepherd, and sit down!" said Henery, with a deprecating peacefulness equal to anything of the kind in Christianity.

"We hear that ye be a extraordinary good and clever man, shepherd," said Joseph Poorgrass with considerable anxiety from behind the maltster's bedstead, whither he had retired for safety. "'Tis a great thing to be clever, I'm sure," he added, making small movements associated with states of mind rather than body; "we wish we were, don't we, neighbours?"

"Ay, that we do, sure," said Matthew Moon, with a small anxious laugh towards Oak, to show how very friendly disposed he was likewise.

"Who's been telling you I'm clever?" said Oak.

"'Tis blowed about from pillar to post quite common," said Matthew. "We hear that ye can tell the time as well by the stars as we can by the sun and moon, shepherd."

"Yes, I can do a little that way," said Gabriel, as a man of medium sentiments on the subject.

"And that ye can make sun-dials, and prent folks' names upon their waggons almost like copper-plate, with beautiful flourishes, and great long tails. A excellent fine thing for ye to be such a clever man, shepherd. Joseph Poorgrass used to prent to Farmer James Everdene's waggons before you came, and 'a could never mind which way to turn J's and E's—could ye, Joseph?" Joseph shook his head to express how absolute was the fact that he couldn't. "And so you used to do 'em the wrong way, like this, didn't ye, Joseph?" Matthew marked on the dusty floor with his whip-handle

"And how Farmer James would cuss, and call thee a fool, wouldn't he, Joseph, when 'a seed his name looking so inside-out-like?" continued Matthew Moon, with feeling.

"Ay—a would," said Joseph, meekly. "But, you see, I wasn't so much to blame, for them J's and E's are such trying sons of dogs for the memory to mind whether they face backward or forward; and I always had such a forgetful memory, too."

"'Tis a very bad affliction for ye, Joseph Poorgrass—being such a man of calamity in other ways."

"Well, 'tis; but a happy providence ordered that it should be no worse, and I feel my thanks. As to shepherd, there, I'm sure mis'ess ought to have made ye her baily—such a fitting man for't as you be."

"I don't mind owning that I expected it," said Oak, frankly. "Indeed I hoped for the place. At the same time Miss Everdene has a right to be her own baily if she chooses—and to keep me down to be a common shepherd only." Oak drew a slow breath, looked sadly into the bright ashpit, and seemed lost in thoughts not of the most hopeful hue.

The genial warmth of the fire now began to stimulate the nearly lifeless lambs to bleat and move their limbs briskly upon the hay, and to recognize for the first time the fact that they were born. Their noise increased to a chorus of baas, upon which Oak pulled the milk-can from before the fire, and taking a small teapot from the pocket of his smockfrock, filled it with milk, and taught those of the helpless creatures which were not to be restored to their dams how to drink from the spout—a trick they acquired with astonishing aptitude.

"And she don't even let ye have the skins of the dead lambs, I hear?" resumed Joseph Poorgrass, his eyes lingering on the operations of Oak with the necessary melancholy.

"I don't have them," said Gabriel.

"Ye be very badly used, shepherd," hazarded Joseph again, in the hope of getting Oak as an ally in lamentation after all. "I think she's took against ye—that I do."

"O, no—not at all," replied Gabriel, hastily, and a sigh escaped him, which the deprivation of lamb-skins could hardly have caused.

Before any further remark had been added a shade darkened the door, and Boldwood entered the malthouse bestowing around upon each a nod, of a quality

between friendliness and condescension.

"Ah! Oak, I thought you were here," he said. "I met the mail-cart ten minutes ago, and a letter was put into my hand, which I opened, without reading the address. I believe it is yours. You must excuse the accident, please."

"O, yes — not a bit of difference, Mr. Boldwood — not a bit," said Gabriel, readily. He had not a correspondent on earth, nor was there a possible letter coming to him, whose contents the whole parish would not have been welcome to peruse.

Oak stepped aside and read the following in an unknown hand: —

"DEAR FRIEND, — I do not know your name, but I think these few lines will reach you, which I write to thank you for your kindness to me the night I left Weatherbury in a reckless way. I also return the money I owe you, which you will excuse my not keeping as a gift. All has ended well, and I am happy to say I am going to be married to the young man who has courted me for some time — Sergeant Troy, of the 11th Dragoon Guards, now quartered in Melchester. He would, I know, object to my having received anything except as a loan, being a man of great respectability and high honour — indeed, a nobleman by blood.

"I should be much obliged to you if you would keep the contents of this letter a secret for the present, dear friend. We mean to surprise Weatherbury by coming there soon as husband and wife, though I blush to state it to one nearly a stranger. The sergeant grew up in Weatherbury. Thanking you again for your kindness,

"I am your sincere well-wisher,
"FANNY ROBIN."

"Have you read it, Mr. Boldwood?" said Gabriel; "if not, you had better do so. I know you are interested in Fanny Robin."

Boldwood read the letter and looked grieved.

"Fanny — poor Fanny! the end she is so confident of has not yet come, she should remember — and may never come."

"What sort of a man is this Sergeant Troy?" said Gabriel.

"H'm — I am afraid not one to build much hope upon in such a case as this," the farmer murmured, "though he's a clever fellow, and up to everything. A slight romance attaches to him, too. His

mother, a French governess, was married to a poor medical man, and while money was forthcoming all went on well. Unfortunately for the boy, his best friends died; and he got then a situation as second clerk at a lawyer's in Casterbridge. He stayed there for some time, and might have worked himself into a dignified position of some sort had he not indulged in the wild freak of enlisting. I have much doubt if ever little Fanny will surprise us in the way she mentions — very much doubt. A silly girl — silly girl!"

The door was hurriedly burst open again, and in came running Cainy Ball out of breath, mouth red and open, like the bell of a penny trumpet, and coughing with noisy vigour and great distension of face.

"Now, Cain Ball," said Oak, sternly, "why will you run so fast and lose your breath so? I'm always telling you of it."

"O — I — A puff of mee breath — went — the wrong way, please, Mister Oak, and made me cough — hok — hok — hok!"

"Well — what have you come for?"

"I've run to tell ye," said the junior shepherd, supporting his exhausted youthful frame against the doorpost, "that you must come directly. Two more ewes have twinned — that's what's the matter, Shepherd Oak."

"O, that's it," said Oak, jumping up, and dismissing for the present his thoughts on poor Fanny. "You are a good boy to run and tell me, Cain, and you shall smell a large plum-pudding some day as a treat. But, before we go, Cainy, bring the tar-pot, and we'll mark this lot and have done with 'em."

Oak took from his illimitable pockets a marking iron, dipped it into the pot and imprinted on the buttocks of the infant sheep the initials of her he delighted to muse on — "B. E.," which signified to all the region round that thenceforth the lambs belonged to Farmer Bathsheba Everdene, and to no one else.

"Now, Cainy, shoulder your two, and off. Good morning, Mr. Boldwood." The shepherd lifted the sixteen large legs and four small bodies he had himself brought, and vanished with them in the direction of the lambing field hard by — their frames being now in a sleek and hopeful state, pleasantly contrasting with their death's-door plight of half-an-hour before.

Boldwood followed him a little way up the field, hesitated and turned back. He

followed him again with a last resolve, annihilating return. On approaching the nook in which the fold was constructed, the farmer drew out his pocket-book, unfastened it, and allowed it to lie open on his hand. A letter was revealed—Bathsheba's.

"I was going to ask you, Oak," he said, with unreal carelessness, "if you know whose writing this is?"

Oak glanced into the book, and replied instantly, with a flushed face, "Miss Everdene's."

Oak had coloured simply at the consciousness of sounding her name. He now felt a strangely distressing qualm from a new thought. The letter could of course be no other than anonymous, or the inquiry would not have been necessary.

Boldwood mistook his confusion: sensitive persons are always ready with their "Is it I?" in preference to objective reasoning.

"The question was perfectly fair," he returned—and there was something incongruous in the serious earnestness with which he applied himself to an argument on a valentine. "You know it is always expected that privy inquiries will be made: that's where the—fun lies." If the word "fun" had been "torture," it could not have been uttered with a more constrained and restless countenance than was Boldwood's then.

Soon parting from Gabriel, the lonely and reserved man returned to his house to breakfast—feeling twinges of shame and regret at having so far exposed his mood by those fevered questions to a stranger. He again placed the letter on the mantelpiece, and sat down to think of the circumstances attending it by the light of Gabriel's information.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALL SAINTS' AND ALL SOULS'.

ON a week-day morning a small congregation, consisting mainly of women and girls, rose from its knees in the mouldy nave of All Saints' Church, Melchester, at the end of a service without a sermon. They were about to disperse, when a smart footstep, entering the porch and coming up the central passage, arrested their attention. The step echoed with a ring unusual in a church; it was the clink of spurs. Everybody looked. A young cavalry soldier in a red uniform, with the three chevrons of a sergeant upon his sleeve, strode up the

aisle, with an embarrassment which was only the more accented by the intense vigour of his step, and by the determination upon his face to show none. A slight flush had mounted his cheek by the time he had run the gauntlet between these females; but, passing on through the chancel arch, he never paused till he came close to the altar railing. Here for a moment he stood alone.

The officiating curate, who had not yet doffed his surplice, perceived the newcomer and followed him to the communion-space. He whispered to the soldier, and then beckoned to the clerk, who in his turn whispered to an elderly woman, apparently his wife, and they also went up the chancel steps.

"'Tis a wedding!" murmured some of the women, brightening. "Let's wait!"

The majority again sat down.

There was a creaking of machinery behind, and some of the young ones turned their heads. From the interior face of the west wall of the tower projected a little canopy with a quarter-jack and small bell beneath it, the automaton being driven by the same clock machinery that struck the large bell in the tower. Between the tower and the church was a close screen, the door of which was kept shut during services, hiding this grotesque clockwork from sight. At present, however, the door was open, and the egress of the jack, the blows on the bell, and the mannikin's retreat into the nook again, were visible to many, and audible throughout the church.

The jack had struck half-past eleven.

"Where's the woman?" whispered some of the spectators.

The young sergeant stood still with the abnormal rigidity of the old pillars around. He faced the south-east, and was as silent as he was still.

The silence grew to be a noticeable thing as the minutes went on, and nobody else appeared, and not a soul moved. The rattle of the quarter-jack again from its niche, its blows for three-quarters, its fussy retreat, were almost painfully abrupt, and caused many of the congregation to start palpably.

"I wonder where the woman is!" a voice whispered again.

There began now that slight shifting of feet, that artificial coughing among several, which betrays a nervous suspense. At length there was a titter. But the soldier never moved. There he stood, his face to the south-east, upright as a column, his cap in his hand.

The clock ticked on. The women threw off their nervousness, and titters and gigglings became more frequent. Then came a dead silence. Every one was waiting for the end. Some persons may have noticed how extraordinarily the striking of quarters seems to quicken the flight of time. It was hardly credible that the jack had not got wrong with the minutes when the rattle began again, the puppet emerged, and the four quarters were struck fitfully as before. One could almost be positive that there was a malicious leer upon the hideous creature's face, and a mischievous delight in its twittings. Then followed the dull and remote resonance of the twelve heavy strokes in the tower above. The women were impressed, and there was no giggle this time.

The clergyman glided into the vestry, and the clerk vanished. The sergeant had not yet turned; every woman in the church was waiting to see his face, and he appeared to know it. At last he did turn, and stalked resolutely down the nave, braving them all, with a compressed lip. Two bowed and toothless old almsmen then looked at each other and chuckled, innocently enough; but the sound had a strange, weird effect in that place.

Opposite to the church was a paved square, around which several over-hanging wood buildings of old time cast a picturesque shade. The young man on leaving the door went to cross the square, when, in the middle, he met a little woman. The expression of her face, which had been one of intense anxiety, sank at the sight of his nearly to terror.

"Well?" he said, in a suppressed passion, without looking at her.

"O, Frank—I made a mistake! I thought that church with the spire was All Saints', and I was at the door at half-past eleven to a minute, as you said. I waited till a quarter to twelve, and found then that I was in All Souls'. But I wasn't much frightened, for I thought it could be to-morrow as well."

"You fool, for so fooling me! But say no more."

"Shall it be to-morrow, Frank?" she asked blankly.

"To-morrow!" and he gave vent to a hoarse laugh. "I don't go through that experience again for some time, I warrant you!"

"But after all," she expostulated in a trembling voice, "the mistake was not such a terrible thing! Now, dear Frank, when shall it be?"

"Ah, when? God knows!" he said, with a light irony, and turning from her walked rapidly away.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

ON Saturday Boldwood was in the Market-House as usual, when the disturber of his dreams entered, and became visible to him. Adam had awakened from his deep sleep; and, behold, there was Eve. The farmer took courage, and, for the first time, really looked at her.

Emotional causes and effects are not proportionable equations to all. The result from capital employed in the production of any movement of a mental nature is sometimes as tremendous as the cause itself is absurdly minute. When women are in a freakish mood, their usual intuition, either from carelessness or inherent defect, seemingly fails to teach them this, and hence it was that Bathsheba was fated to be astonished to-day.

Boldwood looked at her—not slyly, critically, or understandingly, but blankly at gaze, in the way a reaper looks up at a passing train—as something foreign to his element, and but dimly understood. To Boldwood women had been remote phenomena rather than necessary complements—comets of such uncertain aspect, movement, and permanence, that whether their orbits were as geometrical, unchangeable, and as subject to laws as his own, or as absolutely erratic as they superficially appeared, he had not deemed it his duty to consider.

He saw her black hair, her correct facial curves and profile, and the roundness of her chin and throat. He saw then the side of her eyelids, eyes, and lashes, and the shape of her ear. Next he noticed her figure, her skirt, and the very soles of her shoes.

Boldwood thought her beautiful, but wondered whether he was right in his thought, for it seemed impossible that this romance in the flesh, if so sweet as he imagined, could have been going on long without creating a commotion of delight among men, and provoking more enquiry than Bathsheba had done, even though that was not a little. To the best of his judgment neither nature nor art could improve this perfect one of an imperfect many. His heart began to move within him. Boldwood, it must be remembered, though forty years of age, had never before inspected a woman with the very centre and force of his glance; they

had struck upon all his senses at wide angles.

Was she really beautiful? He could not assure himself that his opinion was true even now. He furtively said to a neighbour, "Is Miss Everdene considered handsome?"

"Oh, yes; she was a good deal noticed the first time she came, if you remember. A very handsome girl indeed."

A man is never more credulous than in receiving favourable opinions on the beauty of a woman he is half, or quite, in love with: a mere child's word on the point has the weight of an R. A.'s. Boldwood was satisfied now.

And this charming woman had in effect said to him, "Marry me." Why should she have done that strange thing? Boldwood's blindness to the difference between approving of what circumstances suggest, and originating what they do not suggest, was well matched by Bathsheba's insensibility to the possibly great issues of little beginnings.

She was at this moment coolly dealing with a dashing young farmer, adding up accounts with him as indifferently as if his face had been the pages of a ledger. It was evident that such a nature as his had no attraction for a woman of Bathsheba's taste. But Boldwood grew hot down to his hands with an incipient jealousy; he trod for the first time the threshold of "the injured lover's hell." His first impulse was to go and thrust himself between them. This could be done, but only in one way — by asking to see a sample of her corn. Boldwood renounced the idea. He could not make the request; it was debasing loveliness to ask it to buy and sell, and jarred with his conceptions of her.

All this time Bathsheba was conscious of having broken into that dignified stronghold at last. His eyes, she knew, were following her everywhere. This was a triumph; and had it come naturally, such a triumph would have been the sweeter to her for this piquing delay. But it had been brought about by misdirected ingenuity, and she valued it only as she valued an artificial flower or a wax fruit.

Being a woman with some good sense in reasoning on subjects wherein her heart was not involved, Bathsheba genuinely repented that a freak which had owed its existence as much to Liddy as to herself, should ever have been undertaken, to disturb the placidity of a man she respected too highly to deliberately tease.

She that day nearly formed the intention of begging his pardon on the very next occasion of their meeting. The worst features of this arrangement were that, if he thought she ridiculed him, an apology would increase the offence by being disbelieved; and if he thought she wanted him, it would read like additional evidence of her forwardness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOLDWOOD IN MEDITATION: A VISIT.

BOLDWOOD was tenant of what was called the Lower Farm, and his person was the nearest approach to aristocracy that this remoter quarter of Weatherbury could boast of. Genteel strangers, whose god was their town, who might happen to be compelled to linger about this nook for a day, heard the sound of light wheels, and prayed to see good society, to the degree of a solitary lord, or squire at the very least, but it was only Mr. Boldwood going out for the day. They heard the sound of wheels yet once more, and were re-animated to expectancy: it was only Mr. Boldwood coming home again.

His house stood recessed from the road, and the stables, which are to a farm what a fireplace is to a house, were behind, their lower portions being lost amid bushes of laurel. Inside the blue door, open half-way down, were to be seen at this time the backs and tails of half-a-dozen warm and contented horses standing in their stalls; and, thus viewed, presenting alternations of roan and bay, in shapes like a Moorish arch, the tail being a streak down the midst of each. Over these, and lost to the eye gazing in from the outer light, the mouths of the same animals could be heard busily sustaining the above-named warmth and plumpness by quantities of oats and hay. The restless and shadowy figure of a colt wandered up and down a loose-box at the end, whilst the steady grind of all the eaters was occasionally diversified by the rattle of a rope or the stamp of a foot.

Pacing up and down at the heels of the animals was Farmer Boldwood himself. This place was his almonry and cloister in one! here, after looking to the feeding of his four-footed dependents, the celibate would walk and meditate of an evening till the moon's rays streamed in through the cobwebbed windows, or total darkness enveloped the scene.

His square-framed perpendicularity showed more fully now than in the crowd

and bustle of the market-house. In this meditative walk his foot met the floor with heel and toe simultaneously, and his fine, reddish-fleshed face was bent downward just enough to render obscure the still mouth and the well-rounded though rather prominent and broad chin. A few clear and thread-like horizontal lines were the only interruption to the otherwise smooth surface of his large forehead.

The phases of Boldwood's life were ordinary enough, but his was not an ordinary nature. Spiritually and mentally, no less than socially, a commonplace general condition is no conclusive proof that a man has not potentialities above that level.

In all cases this state may be either the mediocrity of inadequacy, as was Oak's, or what we will venture to call the mediocrity of counterpoise, as was Boldwood's. The quiet mean to which we originally found him adhering, and in which, with few exceptions, he had continually moved, was that of neutralization: it was not structural at all. That stillness, which struck casual observers more than anything else in his character and habit, and seemed so precisely like the rest of inanition, may have been the perfect balance of enormous antagonistic forces — positives and negatives in fine adjustment. His equilibrium disturbed, he was in extremity at once.

Boldwood was thus either hot or cold. If an emotion possessed him at all it ruled him; a feeling not mastering him was entirely latent. Stagnant or rapid, it was never slow. He was always hit mortally, or he was missed. The shallows in the characters of ordinary men were sterile strands in his, but his depths were so profound as to be practically bottomless.

He had no light and careless touches in his constitution, either for good or for evil. Stern in the outlines of action, mild in the details, he was serious throughout all. He saw no absurd side to the follies of life, and thus, though not quite companionable in the eyes of merry men and scoffers, and those to whom all things show life as a jest, he was not intolerable to the earnest and those acquainted with grief. Being a man who read all the dramas of life seriously, if he failed to please when they were comedies, there was no frivolous treatment to reproach him for when they chanced to end tragically.

Bathsheba was far from dreaming that the dark and silent shape upon which

she had so carelessly thrown a seed was a hotbed of tropic intensity. Had she known Boldwood's moods, her blame would have been fearful, and the stain upon her heart ineradicable. Moreover, had she known her present power for good or evil over this man, she would have trembled at her responsibility. Luckily for her present, unluckily for her future tranquillity, her understanding had not yet told her what Boldwood was. Nobody knew entirely; for though it was possible to form guesses concerning his spirited capabilities from old flood-marks faintly visible, he had never been seen at the high tides which caused them.

Farmer Boldwood came to the stable-door, and looked forth across the level fields. Beyond the first enclosure was a hedge, and on the other side of this a meadow, belonging to Bathsheba's farm.

It was now early spring — the time of going to grass with the sheep, when they have the first feed of the meadows, before these are laid up for mowing. The wind, which had been blowing east for several weeks had veered to the southward, and the middle of spring had come abruptly — almost without a beginning. It was that period in the vernal quarter when we may suppose the Dryads to be waking for the season. The vegetable world begins to move and swell and the saps to rise, till in the completest silence of lone gardens and trackless plantations, where everything seems helpless and still after the bond and slavery of frost, there are bustlings, strainings, united thrusts, and pulls-altogether, in comparison with which the powerful tugs of cranes and pulleys in a noisy city are but pigmy efforts.

Boldwood, looking into the distant meadows, saw there three figures. They were those of Miss Everdene, Shepherd Oak, and Cainy Ball.

When Bathsheba's figure shone upon the farmer's eyes, it lighted him up as a little moon lights up a great tower. A man's body is as the shell, or the tablet, of his soul, as he is reserved or ingenuous, overflowing or self-contained. There was a change in Boldwood's exterior from its former impassibleness; and his face showed that he was now living outside his defences for the first time, and with a fearful sense of exposure. It is the usual experience of strong natures when they love.

At last he arrived at a conclusion. It was to go across and enquire boldly of her.

The insulation of his heart by his reserve during these many years, without a duct of any kind for disposable emotion, had worked its effect. It has been observed more than once that the causes of love are chiefly subjective, and Boldwood was a living testimony to the truth of the proposition. No mother existed to absorb his devotion, no sister for his tenderness, no idle ties for sense. He became surcharged with the compound, which was genuine lover's love.

He approached the gate of the meadow. Beyond it the ground was melodious with ripples, and the sky with larks; the low bleating of the flock mingling with both. Mistress and man were engaged in the operation of making a lamb "take," which is performed whenever an ewe has lost her own offspring, one of the twins of another ewe being given her as a substitute. Gabriel had skinned the dead lamb, and was tying the skin over the body of the live lamb, in the customary manner, whilst Bathsheba was holding open a little pen of four hurdles, into which the mother and foisted lamb were driven, where they would remain till the old sheep conceived an affection for the young one.

Bathsheba looked up at the completion of the manœuvre, and saw the farmer by the gate, where he was overhung by a willow tree in full bloom. Gabriel, to whom her face was as the uncertain glory of an April day, ever regardless of its faintest changes, instantly discerned thereon the mark of some influence from without, in the form of a keenly self-conscious reddening. He also turned and beheld Boldwood.

At once connecting these signs with the letter Boldwood had shown him, Gabriel suspected her of some coquettish procedure begun by that means, and carried on since he knew not how.

Farmer Boldwood had read the pantomime denoting that they were conscious of his presence, and the perception was as too much light turned upon his new sensibility. He was still in the road, and by moving on he hoped that neither would recognize that he had originally intended to enter the field. He passed by with an utter and overwhelming sensation of ignorance, shyness, and doubt. Perhaps in her manner there were signs that she wished to see him—perhaps not—he could not read a woman. The cabala of this erotic philosophy seemed to consist of the subtlest meanings, expressed in mislead-

ing ways. Every turn, look, word, and accent contained a mystery quite distinct from its obvious import, and not one had ever been pondered by him until now.

As for Bathsheba, she was not deceived into the belief that Farmer Boldwood had walked by on business or in idleness. She collected the probabilities of the case, and concluded that she was herself responsible for Boldwood's appearance there. It troubled her much to see what a great flame a little wildfire was likely to kindle. Bathsheba was no schemer for marriage, nor was she deliberately a trifler with the affections of men, and a censor's experience on seeing an actual flirt after observing her would have been a feeling of surprise that Bathsheba could be so different from such a one, and yet so like what a flirt is supposed to be.

She resolved never again, by look or by sign, to interrupt the steady flow of this man's life. But a resolution to avoid an evil is seldom framed till the evil is so far advanced as to make avoidance impossible.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHEEP-WASHING: THE OFFER.

BOLDWOOD did eventually call upon her. She was not at home. "Of course not," he murmured. In contemplating Bathsheba as a woman, he had forgotten the accidents of her position as an agriculturist—that being as much of a farmer, and as extensive a farmer, as himself, her probable whereabouts was out-of-doors at this time of the year. This, and the other oversights Boldwood was guilty of, were natural to the mood, and still more natural to the circumstances. The great aids to idealization in love were present here: occasional observation of her from a distance, and the absence of social intercourse with her—visual familiarity, oral strangeness. The smaller human elements were kept out of sight; the pettinesses that enter so largely into all earthly living and doing were disguised by the accident of lover and loved-one not being on visiting terms, and there was hardly awakened a thought in Boldwood that sorry household realities appertained to her, or that she, like all others, had moments of commonplace, when to be least plainly seen was to be most prettily remembered. Thus a mild sort of apotheosis took place in his fancy, whilst she still lived and breathed within his own horizon, a troubled creature like himself.

It was the end of May when the farmer determined to be no longer repulsed by trivialities or distracted by suspense. He had by this time grown used to being in love; the passion now startled him less even when it tortured him more, and he felt himself adequate to the situation. On enquiring for her at her house they had told him she was at the sheep-washing, and he went off to seek her there.

The sheep-washing pool was a perfectly circular basin of stonework in the meadows, full of the clearest water. To birds on the wing its glassy surface, reflecting the light sky, must have been visible for miles round as a glistening Cyclop's eye in a green face. The grass about the margin at this season was a sight to remember long—in a minor sort of way. Its activity in sucking the moisture from the rich damp sod was almost a process observable by the eye. The outskirts of this level water-meadow were diversified by rounded and hollow pastures, where just now everything that was not a buttercup was a daisy, losing this character somewhat as they sank to the verge of the intervening river. It slid along noiselessly as a shade, the swelling reeds and sedge forming a flexible palisade along its moist brink. To the north of the mead were trees, the leaves of which were new, soft, moist, and flexible, not yet having stiffened and darkened under summer sun and drought, their colour being yellow beside a green, green beside a yellow. From the recesses of this knot of foliage the loud notes of three cuckoos were resounding through the still air.

Boldwood went meditating down the slopes with his eyes on his boots, which the yellow pollen from the buttercups had bronzed in artistic gradations. A tributary of the main stream flowed through the basin of the pool by means of an inlet and outlet at opposite points of its diameter. Shepherd Oak, Jan Coggan, Moon, Poorglass, Cain Ball, and several others were assembled here, all dripping wet to the very roots of their hair, and Bathsheba was standing by in a new riding-habit—the most elegant she had ever worn—the reins of her horse being looped over her arm. Flavons of cider were rolling about upon the green. The meek sheep were pushed into the pools by Coggan and Matthew Moon, who stood by the lower hatch, immersed to their waists; then Gabriel, who stood on the brink, thrust them under as they swam along, with an instrument like a

crutch, formed for the purpose, and also for assisting the exhausted animals when the wool become saturated and they began to sink. They were then let out against the stream, and through the upper opening, all impurities thus flowing away below—Cain Ball and Joseph, who performed this latter operation, being if possible wetter than the rest; they resembled dolphins under a fountain, every protuberance and angle of their clothes dribbling forth a small rill.

Boldwood came close and bid her good morning, with such constraint that she could not but think he had stepped across to the washing for its own sake, hoping not to find her there; more, she fancied his brow severe and his eye slighting. Bathsheba immediately contrived to withdraw, and glided along by the river till she was a stone's throw off: she heard footsteps brushing the grass, and had a consciousness that love was encircling her like a perfume. Instead of turning or waiting, Bathsheba went among the high sedges, but Boldwood seemed determined, and pressed on till they were completely past the bend of the river. Here, without being seen, they could hear the splashing and shouts of the washers above.

"Miss Everdene!" said the farmer.

She trembled, turned, and said "Good morning." His tone was so utterly removed from all she had expected as a beginning. It was lowness and quiet accented: an emphasis of deep meanings, their form, at the same time, being scarcely expressed. Silence has sometimes a remarkable power of showing itself as the disembodied soul of feeling wandering without its carcase, and it is then more impressive than speech. In the same way, to say a little is often to tell more than to say a great deal. Boldwood told everything in that word.

As the consciousness expands on learning that what was fancied to be the rumble of wheels is the reverberation of thunder, so did Bathsheba's at her intuitive conviction.

"I feel—almost—too much—to think," he said, with a solemn simplicity, "I have come to speak to you without preface. My life is not my own since I have beheld you clearly, Miss Everdene—I come to make you an offer of marriage."

Bathsheba tried to preserve an absolutely neutral countenance, and all the motion she made was that of closing lips which had previously been a little parted.

"I am now forty-one years old," he

went on. "I may have been called a confirmed bachelor, and I was a confirmed bachelor. I had never any views of myself as a husband in my earlier days, nor have I made any calculation on the subject since I have been older. But we all change, and my change, in this matter, came with seeing you. I have felt lately, more and more, that my present way of living is bad in every respect. Beyond all things, I want you as my wife."

"I feel, Mr. Boldwood, that though I respect you much, I do not feel — what would justify me to — in accepting your offer," she stammered.

This giving back of dignity for dignity seemed to open the sluices of feeling that Boldwood had as yet kept closed.

"My life is a burden without you," he exclaimed, in a low voice. "I want you — I want you to let me say I love you again and again!"

Bathsheba answered nothing, and the horse upon her arm seemed so impressed, that instead of cropping the herbage it looked up.

"I think and hope you care enough for me to listen to what I have to tell!"

Bathsheba's momentary impulse at hearing this was to ask why he thought that, till she remembered that, far from being a conceited assumption on Boldwood's part, it was but the natural conclusion of serious reflection based on deceptive premises of her own offering.

"I wish I could say courteous flatteries to you," the farmer continued in an easier tone, "and put my rugged feeling into a graceful shape; but I have neither power nor patience to learn such things. I want you for my wife — so wildly that no other feeling can abide in me; but I should not have spoken out had I not been led to hope."

"The valentine again! O that valentine!" she said to herself, but not a word to him.

"If you can love me, say so, Miss Everdene. If not — don't say no."

"Mr. Boldwood, it is painful to have to say I am surprised, so that I don't know how to answer you with propriety and respect — but am only just able to speak out my feeling — I mean my meaning; that I am afraid I can't marry you, much as I respect you. You are too dignified for me to suit you, sir."

"But, Miss Everdene!"

"I — I didn't — I know I ought never to have dreamt of sending that valentine — forgive me, sir — it was a wanton thing which no woman with any self-respect

should have done. If you will only pardon my thoughtlessness, I promise never to —"

"No, no, no. Don't say thoughtlessness! Make me think it was something more — that it was a sort of prophetic instinct — the beginning of a feeling that you would like me. You torture me to say it was done in thoughtlessness — I never thought of it in that light, and I can't endure it. Ah! I wish I knew how to win you! but that I can't do — I can only ask if I have already got you. If I have not, and it is not true that you have come unwittingly to me as I have to you, I can say no more."

"I have not fallen in love with you, Mr. Boldwood — certainly I may say that." She allowed a very small smile to creep for the first time over her serious face in saying this, and the white row of upper teeth, and keenly cut lips already noticed, suggested an idea of heartlessness, which was immediately contradicted by the pleasant eyes.

"But you will just think — in kindness and condescension think — if you cannot bear with me as a husband! I fear I am too old for you, but believe me I will take more care of you than would many a man of your own age. I will protect and cherish you with all my strength — I will indeed. You shall have no cares — be worried by no household affairs, and live quite at ease, Miss Everdene. The dairy superintendence shall be done by a man — I can afford it well — you shall never have so much as to look out of doors at hay-making time, or to think of weather in the harvest. I rather cling to the chaise, because it is the same my poor father and mother drove, but if you don't like it I will sell it, and you shall have a pony-carriage of your own. I cannot say how far above every other idea and object on earth you seem to me — nobody knows — God only knows — how much you are to me!"

Bathsheba's heart was young, and it swelled with sympathy for the deep-natured man who spoke so simply.

"Don't say it: don't! I cannot bear you to feel so much, and me to feel nothing. And I am afraid they will notice us, Mr. Boldwood. Will you let the matter rest now? I cannot think collectedly. I did not know you were going to say this to me. Oh I am wicked to have made you suffer so!" She was frightened as well as agitated at his vehemence.

"Say then, that you don't absolutely refuse. Do not quite refuse!"

"I can do nothing. I cannot answer."
"I may speak to you again on the subject?"

"Yes."

"I may think of you?"

"Yes, I suppose you may think of me."

"And hope to obtain you?"

"No—do not hope! Let us go on."

"I will call upon you again to-morrow."

"No—please not. Give me time."

"Yes—I will give you any time," he said earnestly and gratefully. "I am happier now."

"No—I beg you! Don't be happier if happiness only comes from my agreeing. Be neutral, Mr. Boldwood! I must think."

"I will wait," he said.

And then she turned away. Boldwood dropped his eyes to the ground, and stood long like a man who did not know where he was. Realities then returned upon him like the pain of a wound received in an excitement which eclipses it, and he, too, then went on.

CHAPTER XX.

PERPLEXITY: GRINDING THE SHEARS : A QUARREL.

"HE is so disinterested and kind to offer me all that I can desire," Bathsheba said, musingly.

Yet Farmer Boldwood, whether by nature kind or the reverse to kind, did not exercise kindness here. The rarest offerings of the purest loves are but a self-indulgence, and no generosity at all.

Bathsheba, not being the least in love with him, was eventually able to look calmly at his offer. It was one which many women of her own station in the neighbourhood, and not a few of higher rank, would have been wild to accept and proud to publish. In every point of view, ranging from politic to passionate, it was desirable that she, a lonely girl, should marry, and marry this earnest, well-to-do, and respected man. He was close to her doors: his standing was sufficient: his qualities were even supererogatory. Had she felt, which she did not, any wish whatever for the married state in the abstract, she could not reasonably have rejected him as a woman who frequently appealed to her understanding for deliverance from her whims. Boldwood as a means to marriage was unexceptionable: she esteemed and liked him: yet she did not want him. It appears that men take wives because possession is not possible without marriage, and that women ac-

cept husbands because marriage is not possible without possession; with totally differing aims the method is the same on both sides. But the understood incentive on the woman's part was wanting here. Besides, Bathsheba's position as absolute mistress of a farm and house was a novel one, and the novelty had not yet begun to wear off.

But a disquiet filled her, which was somewhat to her credit, for it would have affected few. Beyond the mentioned reasons with which she combated her objections, she had a strong feeling that having been the one who began the game she ought in honesty to accept the consequences. Still the reluctance remained. She said in the same breath that it would be ungenerous not to marry Boldwood, and that she couldn't do it to save her life.

Bathsheba's was an impulsive nature under a deliberative aspect. An Elizabeth in brain and a Mary Stuart in spirit, she often performed actions of the greatest temerity with a manner of extreme discretion. Many of her thoughts were perfect syllogisms; unluckily they always remained thoughts. Only a few were irrational assumptions; but, unfortunately, they were the ones which most frequently grew into deeds.

The next day to that of the declaration, she found Gabriel Oak at the bottom of her garden, grinding his shears for the sheep-shearing. All the surrounding cottages were more or less scenes of the same operation; the scurr of whetting spread into the sky from all parts of the village as from an armoury previous to a campaign. Peace and war kiss each other at their hours of preparation, sickles, scythes, shears, and pruning-hooks mingling with swords, bayonets, and lances, in their common necessity for point and edge.

Cainy Ball turned the handle of Gabriel's grindstone, his head performing a melancholy see-saw up and down with each turn of the wheel. Oak stood somewhat as Eros is represented when in the act of sharpening his arrows: his figure slightly bent, the weight of his body thrown over on the shears, and his head balanced sideways, with a critical compression of the lips and contraction of the eyelids to crown the attitude.

His mistress came up and looked upon them in silence for a minute or two; then she said,—

"Cain, go to the lower mead and catch the bay mare. I'll turn the winch of the

grindstone. I want to speak to you, Gabriel."

Cain departed, and Bathsheba took the handle. Gabriel had glanced up in intense surprise, quelled its expression, and looked down again. Bathsheba turned the winch and Gabriel applied the shears.

The peculiar motion involved in turning a wheel has a wonderful tendency to benumb the mind. It is a sort of attenuated variety of Ixion's punishment, and contributes a dismal chapter to the history of gaols. The brain gets muddled, the head grows heavy, and the body's centre of gravity seems to settle by degrees in a leaden lump somewhere between the eyebrows and the crown. Bathsheba felt the unpleasant symptoms after two or three dozen turns.

"Will you turn, Gabriel, and let me hold the shears?" she said. "My head is in a whirl, and I can't talk."

Gabriel turned. Bathsheba then began with some awkwardness, allowing her thoughts to stray occasionally from her story to attend to the shears, which required a little nicety in sharpening.

"I wanted to ask you if the men made any observations on my going behind the sedge with Mr. Boldwood yesterday?"

"Yes, they did," said Gabriel. "You don't hold the shears right, Miss—I knew you wouldn't know the way—hold like this."

He relinquished the winch, and enclosing her two hands completely in his own (taking each as we sometimes clasp a child's hand in teaching him to write), grasped the shears with her. "Incline the edge so," he said.

Hands and shears were inclined to suit the words, and held thus for a peculiarly long time by the instructor as he spoke.

"That will do," exclaimed Bathsheba. "Loose my hands. I won't have them held! Turn the winch."

Gabriel freed her hands quietly, retired to his handle, and the grinding went on.

"Did the men think it odd?" she said again.

"Odd was not the idea, Miss."

"What did they say?"

"That Farmer Boldwood's name and your own were likely to be flung over pulpit together before the year was out."

"I thought so by the look of them! Why, there's nothing in it. A more foolish remark was never made, and I want you to contradict it: that's what I came for."

Gabriel looked incredulous and sad,

but between his movements of incredulity, relieved.

"They must have heard our conversation," she continued.

"Well, then, Bathsheba!" said Oak, stopping the handle, and gazing into her face with astonishment.

"Miss Everdene, you mean," she said, with dignity.

"I mean this, that if Mr. Boldwood really spoke of marriage, I am not going to tell a story and say he didn't to please you. I have already tried to please you too much for my own good."

Bathsheba regarded him with round-eyed perplexity. She did not know whether to pity him for disappointed love of her, or to be angry with him for having got over it—his tone being ambiguous.

"I said I wanted you just to mention that it was not true I was going to be married to him," she murmured, with a slight decline in her assurance.

"I can say that to them if you wish, Miss Everdene. And I could likewise give an opinion to you on what you have done."

"I daresay. But I don't want your opinion."

"I suppose not," said Gabriel bitterly, and going on with his turning, his words rising and falling in a regular swell and cadence as he stooped or rose with the winch, which directed them, according to his position, perpendicularly into the earth, or horizontally along the garden, his eyes being fixed on a leaf upon the ground.

With Bathsheba a hastened act was a rash act; but, as does not always happen, time gained was prudence ensured. It must be added, however, that time was very seldom gained. At this period the single opinion in the parish on herself and her doings that she valued as sounder than her own was Gabriel Oak's. And the outspoken honesty of his character was such that on any subject, even that of her love for, or marriage with, another man, the same disinterestedness of opinion might be calculated on, and be had for the asking. Thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of his own suit, a high resolve constrained him not to injure that of another. This is a lover's most stocial virtue, as the lack of it is a lover's most venial sin. Knowing he would reply truly, she asked the question, painful as she must have known the subject would be. Such is the selfishness of some charming women. Perhaps it was some excuse for her thus torturing her

esty to her own advantage, that she had absolutely no other sound judgment within easy reach.

"Well, what is your opinion of my conduct?" she said, quietly.

"That it is unworthy of any thoughtful, and meek, and comely woman."

In an instant Bathsheba's face coloured with the angry crimson of a Danby sunset. But she forbore to utter this feeling, and the reticence of her tongue only made the loquacity of her face the more noticeable.

The next thing Gabriel did was to make a mistake.

"Perhaps you don't like the rudeness of my reprimanding you, for I know it is rudeness; but I thought it would do good."

She instantly replied sarcastically.

"On the contrary, my opinion of you is so low that I see in your abuse the praise of discerning people."

"I am glad you don't mind it, for I said it honestly, and with every serious meaning."

"I see. But, unfortunately, when you try not to speak in jest you are amusing—just as when you wish to avoid seriousness you sometimes say a sensible word."

It was a hard hit, but Bathsheba had unmistakably lost her temper, and on that account Gabriel had never in his life kept his own better. He said nothing. She then broke out,

"I may ask, I suppose, where in particular my unworthiness lies? In my not marrying you, perhaps!"

"Not by any means," said Gabriel, quietly. "I have long given up thinking of that matter."

"Or wishing it, I suppose," she said, and it was apparent that she expected an unhesitating denial of this supposition.

Whatever Gabriel felt, he coolly echoed her words—

"Or wishing it either."

A woman may be treated with a bitterness which is sweet to her, and with a rudeness which is not offensive. Bathsheba would have submitted to an indignant chastisement for her levity had Gabriel protested that he was loving her at the same time; the impetuosity of passion unrequited is bearable, even if it stings and anathematizes—there is a triumph in the humiliation, and a tenderness in the strife. This was what she had been expecting, and what she had not got. To be lectured because the lecturer saw her in the cold morning light of open-shuttered disillusion was exas-

perating. He had not finished, either. He continued in a more agitated voice:

"My opinion is (since you ask it) that you are greatly to blame for playing pranks upon a man like Mr. Boldwood, merely as a pastime. Leading on a man you don't care for is not a praiseworthy action. And even, Miss Everdene, if you seriously inclined towards him, you might have let him discover it in some way of true loving-kindness, and not by sending him a valentine's letter."

Bathsheba laid down the shears.

"I cannot allow any man to—to criticise my private conduct!" she exclaimed. "Nor will I for a minute. So you'll please leave the farm at the end of the week!"

It may have been a peculiarity—at any rate it was a fact—that when Bathsheba was swayed by an emotion of an earthly sort her lower lip trembled: when by a refined emotion, her upper or heavenward one. Her nether lip quivered now.

"Very well, so I will," said Gabriel, calmly. He had been held to her by a beautiful thread which it pained him to spoil by breaking, rather than by a chain he could not break. "I should be even better pleased to go at once," he added.

"Go at once then, in Heaven's name!" said she, her eyes flashing at his, though never meeting them. "Don't let me see your face any more."

"Very well, Miss Everdene—so it shall be."

And he took his shears and went away from her in placid dignity, as Moses left the presence of Pharaoh.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SPANISH LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE INTERIOR, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1873.

LETTER XII.

A VISIT TO MURILLO'S HOUSE.

WHO, among painters, has done his work more nobly, or more skilfully, than the painter of Seville, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo?

It was a bright sunny evening in December, 1873, when, fresh from the contemplation of the fixed, dark, steadfast gaze of his "San Francisco receiving the Stigmata" (now in the Academia de Bellas Artes at Cadiz), and his exquisitely sweet "Angel de la Guarda," in the cathedral of Seville, I bent my hasty steps

towards the home of this great artist in Seville.

I passed through the narrow winding streets of the "Judería," or Jewish quarter, now no longer restricted to the Jewish population. The sun hardly ever looks upon these narrow paved paths, with their tall houses seeming almost to meet overhead: but they were growing wet with the evening dews, which fall heavily in winter, partly making up for the lack of rain.

In a little street, now called "Plaza de Alfaro," or running out of that little square, is the great painter's simple house, with "No. 2" written over its lowly Spanish portals. A Spanish manservant and a dark-eyed, good-natured Andalusian lassie were laughing and love-making at the door. I told them my errand, and the girl pointed lazily—and wondering evidently what on earth the English señor had come to see the house for—to a little marble tablet just inside the door, fixed in the wall, to the left hand as you enter.

Like the house itself, and all the surroundings, it was most unpretending and unobtrusive.

On it was the simple inscription—

En esta casa fué ciertamente
En la que murió
el día 3 de Abril de 1682
el insigne pintor Sevillano
Bartolomé Esteban Murillo.

It is a plain, white-washed, modest Spanish house, consisting of a ground floor and two upper floors. The little street in which it stands is narrow; part of the house fronts another house, the rest overlooks a garden, with a high wall around it, making the lookout from the lower rooms still duller than would a house fronting it. Under the wall of this garden a few muleteers and gitanos, in picturesque and gaudy costumes, their bronzed brown faces reminding one of the truthfulness of the great painter's colouring, were watering their donkeys and mules.

I asked leave to go over the house, and asked where, in which room, Murillo painted. "Why, how *can I tell*," said the good-natured lassie, "in which room he painted? *Everyone says* that he painted under the orange-trees in the old walled garden of the alcazar opposite; but *vamos!*—come over the house." So we went. On either side of the tiny "hall," as you enter, is a narrow door, each door opening into a small, narrow,

ill-lighted room, with floors of common red tiles, and a dark cupboard in each room, if my memory serves me in good stead.

My Andalusian lassie trundled up the narrow winding stairs—so narrow, so dark, only the width of five bricks placed lengthways, and with a little fronting of worn wood-work. On the first storey the doors are still small, the rooms dark and narrow. They were inhabited by a Spanish family, and I did not more than step inside them.

To the top, or second storey, the staircase is little better than a creaking wooden ladder; but at the top my guide showed me a little niche in the wall. "Here," she said, "used to be one of his paintings." All the rooms have floors of red brick or tile; all are narrow and dark. On the top storey is the old kitchen, the only inhabitant of which was a black, white-breasted retriever puppy, who welcomed us with every noisy demonstration of delight, and evidently did not at all appreciate the honour of being a prisoner in Murillo's kitchen!

The lassie, romping with her mute companion, threw open a door, through which I crouched and squeezed, and we stood upon the roof—a tiny space, sloping down to the front, only five yards by three, looking straight down into the walled garden of the alcazar, a typical Spanish garden, with its gorgeous orange and lime trees, its rich irrigated plots of vegetables, its square regular beds, and neat evergreen borders.

Here, I thought, more likely than in the dark, narrow rooms, the great master wrought. The view was very beautiful—Spanish housetops, remember, are not like our smoky English housetops, fit only for sparrows, and smoke, and cats. Spanish cities are *smokeless, chimneyless*; no smuts fly about, and on Spanish housetops, we can safely dry our white snowy linen.

The view was very beautiful—over the old garden, over the tops of snow-white houses with flat, brown roofs; above was nothing but the cloudless blue sky, with the setting sun sinking below the distant sierra, in red and golden splendours to his rest.

And then I passed out; the dark-eyed hoyden locked up her dog once more in the classic kitchen, only too glad to return to her love-making.

This, then, was the humble house of the great painter. Here he lived, and here died in April, 1682, aged sixty-four,

by an unlucky fall from the scaffold, as he was painting one of his grandest, or at least most elaborate, paintings, the "Marriage of Santa Catalina," taken from its home in the Convent of Los Capuchinos in Cadiz during the Revolution of the summer of 1873, and now in the "Academia de Bellas Artes," in the same city. Here, in this humble house, lived and died the one perhaps of all painters who excelled in every style that he undertook: the *frio*, or dark and sternly marked, as in his "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata;" his earliest style, the *cálido*, defined outline, with warmer colour, as in his "Adoration of the Shepherds," in the Gallery at Madrid; and the *vaporoso*, or blending style, something akin to the style of our own Turner, of which, as an example, may be quoted his "Martyrdom of St. Andrew," also in the Madrid Gallery. Here dwelt and died the painter of the "Holy Family," a work full of peace and love; of more than one *exquisite* "Concepcion;" of "La Virgen de los Dolores," so full of mournful pathos, of "San Juan con el Cordero," full of fervour, of "St. Francis embracing his Crucified Son."

A few doors from the little house which "ciertamente" was that of Murillo, stands another, more pretentious, which claims the honour of having been the house in whose bright, quiet garden he was wont to paint. The kindly señora on my presenting my card, and asking leave to enter the garden, at once sent her servant to conduct me thither. We passed through the courtyard of the house and into the garden, which consisted of two small quadrangles, but, oh, so beautiful! Well might the great master exchange his dark narrow rooms, and his tiny strip of sunny roof aloft, for the peacefulness and beauty of this quiet spot. The orange-trees, crowded with green and yellow fruit, lent their shade; the lime-tree, with its larger fruit of sicklier hue, and the fig-tree, with its broad, cool leaves, grew in quiet profusion; hard by, sheltered by cypresses, was a tank, and a trickling, gurgling fountain of crystal water; the grape-vine climbed over a rustic trellis work: the pimiento, or pepper-tree, the most graceful of Spanish trees, like to, but more graceful than, the English weeping-willow, also lent its shade. Two fountains, with their trickling waters, soothed the ear of those who sate and worked, or read, in this shady spot; magnolias, camellias, climbed the walls; the sweet lemon-verbena, the

scented geranium, or "malva-rosa" of the Spaniards, the heliotrope, the scarlet geranium, and the crimson and clove carnations, straggled over the trim box-hedges that enclosed their beds.

In the inner quadrangle—like the first very small—an ancient mule, under the shade of a fig-tree, still more ancient, was slowly turning round the water-wheel, with its shining, dripping caskets, of an old Moorish *noría*; all around him, and overhead, the lime-tree and the orange-tree showed their bright yellow fruit to the setting sun; truly, I thought to myself, here a painter might paint, a poet sing to the tune of the turning wheel and the gushing fountains, with the scent of exotic plants filling the balmy evening air.

A few doors from this house is an open, small, dusty space, a barren oval, belted in by stunted acacia-trees, with a solitary gas-lamp in its centre; it is called now "Plaza de Santa Cruz," Santa Cruz being the name of a tiny church, pulled down in 1858. On one of the walls (of a private house) fronting this little hovel, is a marble tablet, with the inscription,

Para perpetuar la memoria
de que en el ambito de esta plaza
hasta poco hace templo sagrado
hasta depositadas las cenizas
del celebre pintor Sevillano
Bartolomé Esteban Murillo
la Academia de Bellas Artes
Acordó poner esta lapida.

Modesto monumento, pero el primero
Que se consagra a su ilustre fundador
1858.

And so, as the shades of eve drew on I left the haunts of the great painter—the painter of truth and of life as *he* saw it, and as those in Andalusia see it at the present day.

Of Murillo's life I know nothing; but no scandalous or libellous report has ever, I believe, currently attached itself to his name, as it did most falsely for a period to that of another exceedingly beautiful painter, Alonso Cano.

Murillo, however, neither needs nor claims any notice of his life; into his works he threw his life, and he lives in his works—works that have elevated and refined thousands of souls—and he cannot die; he needs no memorial stone, no tablet, no biography; as is the case with all the good and great, "his works do follow him;" and perhaps amid all his toils and labours to the last—for he died at the age of sixty-four of a fall from a scaffold while painting one of his master-

pieces—he looked forward to no reward for himself, but to the elevating and ennobling of others who should follow him, and could breathe that prayer so hard to be breathed by one living amid all the seductions of this present life, “Show Thy servants their work, and their children Thy glory.”

LETTER XIII.

CHRISTMAS; AND ITS HOPES AND FEARS.

“PEACE on earth, goodwill to men” was not, alas! the burden of our Christmas carol and our New Year’s greeting in the wilds of the Interior. How often, since that day when the angels sang songs of peace and joy, has the Divine Christmas greeting seemed an idle mockery, when the pale moon is looking down on fields of the suffering and the slain; or on the widow and the orphan crouching over the half-empty grate; or, as was the case but just now in Spain, on disquietude and plotting, and anxiety of every sort, misrule, disorder, and conspiracy, “men’s hearts failing them for fear.”

A few *Christmas episodes* in our life in the Interior might, I have thought, prove of sufficient interest to warrant me in jotting them down, without comment or adornment.

I was travelling much, both by day and by night, about Christmas time, and the most unobservant eye could not fail to see sufficient indications of some extraordinary movement; the *guardias civiles*, preservers of law and order throughout Spain, were being shifted about in bodies from place to place; here, a body of twenty, wrapped in their huge *capas*, rifle in hand and sword-bayonet by side, with their keen dark eyes scrutinizing every fresh face, would enter the railway carriage; at another station two, with a prisoner, would join them, silent and stern as ever. Every honest man welcomes and respects these brave, clever, truthful, sober, indefatigable preservers of peace and justice; they are a terror only to evil-doers!

I have already given a slight sketch of the services which these men are ever ready to perform, but I will recur to the subject again. Before Señor Martínez de la Rosa, the well-known author of “Poems for Children,” and other poems, came to be connected with the Cabinet of Christina, he was robbed on the highway; when he came into power he was instrumental in forming a body of

guards who, mounted or on foot, should keep the roads free from banditti; they were dressed after the fashion of the French gendarmerie, probably owing to the French influence then prevailing at Court, and numbered at first some five or six thousand. These men are chosen for (1) having been steady and good soldiers, (2) height and strength, (3) education; but they have all served in the Regular Army for a certain time, and are equally able to hunt in couples as policemen, or in large bodies as regular troops. Their pay is two pesetas per diem, and an allowance, if mounted, for fodder for their horses. Their chief occupation, of late, has been not so much to suppress robbery in the camp as to quarter themselves in disaffected towns, and prevent outbreaks and licenses.

Christmas eve came at last, or, as we call it here, *noche-buena*; the streets in the daytime were bright with the various dresses of those that bought and sold; at night, from every house in every street, came the tinkle of the guitar, the *rom rom rom* of the Zambomba,* and the rattle of the tambourine; at midnight, in each church, the “Child New-born,” who came to bring “peace on earth, goodwill to men,” was exhibited and adored by the sable crowd of worshippers; at midnight, too, strange contrast! marched into our town, with bayonets fixed, and gleaming bright as their well-ordered ranks passed each little oil-lamp, a body of guards.

Well, if we are to have peace, for the present, I suppose, it must be won and preserved by the sword.

Men kept their Christmas time, as usual; outwardly all was noise, and festivity, and glitter; but every eye was looking forward to one day: the day on which the Cortes would reassemble, and demand of Emilio Castelar an account of his arduous but nobly fulfilled stewardship.

Strange whispers went about; every Spaniard is a politician, whether he light his errant watch-fire, and strew his rough bed to leeward of a clump of prickly pear

* This is called a *musical* instrument, although why, except on the *factus a non faciendo* principle, I cannot understand. It is made of earthenware, and in shape just like a common English flower-pot. One end is open; over the other a piece of drum-parchment is tightly stretched; into this parchment is inserted a reed, which protrudes about eight or nine inches from the parchmat; the musician wets his fingers, and rubs them up and down the stem of the reed, which gives a hoarse hollow sound, called by the Spaniards “the *rom rom* of the zambomba.” No house is without these instruments, played by children, at Christmas time.

or aloe; or, wrapped in his manta, pass his nights on the stone floor of the roadside venta; or sip coffee in his casino among his sympathizers (for each casino is devoted to a separate phase of politics); or smoke his scented Havana over the brasero of his palacio — whatever be his rank or station he is a politician, and believes it to be his duty to interfere in the affairs of his country.

I heard one poor man — very poor, very ignorant — say, "Castelar will come down; he promised to sever Church and State, and give us liberty of thought; *he has not done so!*" He promised to do away — O vast expense and useless tax! — with a standing army: *he has not done so.*" And the poor old fellow's tattered coat shook with indignation, and his eye grew moist with a tear as he said, "Poor Spain!" This sentiment about Castelar's non-fulfilment of his promise is a stereotyped one; I am constantly hearing it among the lower orders.

Speculations as to what change would take place on the 2nd and 3rd of January are rife among us; some believed power would be left with the Intransigentes; some, but few, that Castelar would continue Dictator for a few weeks, provisionally; some, that the "Infant" would be placed upon the throne. "Pi y Margall and the Cantonal system" was the watchword of the lower orders.

Strange photographs went up in the streets, the most remarkable of which I here transcribe: it is one of large dimensions, costing three or four pesetas. In one corner stands on a white pedestal a draped and graceful woman, flaring torch in hand, representing Liberty; on the pedestal is written, in French, "*Les droits de*" — I cannot decipher; bare-headed, or waving hats in the air, comes to her feet a long winding procession of men, women, and children, in working dress, the end of the long, snake-like line being lost in the distant hills; a church stands hard by; they disregard it; one solitary ploughman stops his oxen to wave his hat. Far away is the distant sea, with one or two flying sails, and the smoke of a steamer upon its calm bosom. At intervals, to the very end of the long line of human beings, are carried banners; on the first is written, "*Francia*" (considered by all Spaniards the champion of civil liberty); on the second, "*España*;" on the third, "*Autriche*;" on the fourth, "*Siciles*;" then "*Romagna*;" on the rest the letters are too dim to be deciphered.

In the foreground is a mass of crowns, sceptres, handcuffs, codes, &c., lying broken and in confusion on the ground, and looking like — what at first glance I deemed them to be — a heap of stones.

But the most striking feature of the photograph has yet to come. Borne on the clouds of heaven float gently earthwards hosts of angel-forms, some, pen in hand, as though coming to chronicle the new era of *La Libertad*; some pouring upon earth their rich cornucopias of fruit and flowers. In the midst of this heavenly host, a huge lion crouching beneath His feet, which are half-veiled in clouds, stands in majestic repose the figure of our blessed Lord; His right hand is raised to bless; in His left hand he bears His cross, and upon His head is the crown of thorns; above this Divine Rostro the clouds are bright, and in shadowy yet plain letters shines out of them the inscription, "*Fraternité.*"

At the foot of the photograph is written, *REPUBLICA UNIVERSAL DEMOCRATICA FEDERAL. EL PACTO*; and the following terse sentence from Béranger:

Pueblos, formad una santa alianza
V estrechad vuestra mano.

That is,

Form an holy league, ye towns,
And act in concert.

The idea of our blessed Lord being the Champion of Liberty is one common in Spain, and hence there is no blasphemy or culpable levity in the picture described; there is a couplet common in Spain at Christmas-tide,

At this time on earth was He
Born, and with Him Liberty.

The lines, or an equivalent, will be found in "*Ecos Nacionales*," by V. Ruiz Aguilera.

Beyond the rumours, the anxious faces, the photographs, and the movements of troops, there was but one incident to mark the reign of uncertainty about Christmas time, and that was an attack upon the train on its way to Madrid, which I chronicle merely as showing the lawless state of the country. The night-train to Madrid picks up, as is well known, money from various towns, all of which is sent in small boxes with padlocks and leather straps buckled over them. Some fifty armed brigands, finding their ways and means straitened, stopped the train by waving a red lamp, and demanded of the terrified guard the boxes of money, commanding no passen-

ger to put his head out of the window of his carriage: one rash person disregarded the injunction, and received a slash in the cheek from a sabre. It is needless to add that these men got safely to the mountains with their booty. It is not often one hears of such deeds on a large scale; but every now and then, in some parts of the Interior, some young fellow who is known to be rich is carried off, and a heavy ransom demanded. In the last case that came under my notice the young fellow was surprised in the Campo, while out for his afternoon paseo, carried off to the Olivares, or the Sierra, and 400*l.* demanded and paid for his release. This system of "levying black-mail," so common in Southern Italy, is still carried on in the wilder parts of Greece, and in the mountainous districts of the Levant. In Spain, if you desire a walk over the hills—and a walk is very enjoyable in spring and winter, when (as now) the tints of the mountains are *simply exquisite*, varying from the deepest purple to the brightest roseate hue, and the earth is just putting on its robe of vernal green—it is best to walk with a friend, and to carry arms, equally serviceable against dogs or men; and it is safer not to be outside the city walls after dusk; you may be robbed, or at least annoyed.

One more "Christmas episode." On Christmas Eve the Alcalde of a town not far from here was enjoying his coffee, cigarillo, and politics in his casino; he was popular with the masses, and so, to do him all honour, a party of gipsies came in, chaired him, carried him round the room, and then insisted on his dancing the *fan-dango with them!* The whole scene, when recounted to me by an eye-witness the following night, struck me as so thoroughly Spanish, and worthy of these dark-eyed daughters of the sunny South, that I have ventured to mention it.

At last the eventful day, January 2nd, 1874, arrived, and at evening-time club, casino, and venta were thronged with little knots of eager and expectant politicians, waiting for a telegraph; but, as subsequently transpired, nothing definite had taken place. On that day the only sign of excitement that came under my notice was the shout of some fervid artificer on his way to his work, "Down with Castelar." Silently another body of guards marched into our town that night, or the night after, and then came the news of the Spanish *coup d'état* of 1874, awakening general surprise and bewilderment.

On Monday some apprehensions were felt as to the possibility of an insurrection, and the guards, leaving their barracks in the narrow streets of the town, fortified themselves in a walled spot a few hundred yards outside the walls, where they could act more freely. I walked at evening, about 4.30, down the streets which were almost deserted, and—rare sound in Andalusian streets at that hour—echoed to my footfall; the shutters were up in many of the private houses, and nearly every shop was closed. I wanted some coffee—a modest wish, surely!—and at last found a grocer's shop with the door only half closed.

Then came the news of the clever way in which the *coup d'état* at Madrid on January 3 had been managed. It was thus graphically related to me by a Spanish gentleman. The Cortés had listened to Señor Castelar's magnificent speech, his defence of his own short administration: the votes were taken, Señor Salmeron being in the chair, and it was found that there were one hundred for, to one hundred and twenty against, Castelar's continuing in office. He then rose and said, "I have one favour to ask, that you will construct a Ministry before you leave the room." "That we will do," was the quiet answer of the President. Just then two aides-de-camp entered the chamber, and gave a note to Señor Salmeron, who handed it to his secretary to read aloud to the assembled diputados.

The note was terse and soldier-like, and to this effect:—"That those assembled in the Cortés should, *within five minutes*, disperse to their own homes. (Signed) PAVIA, Governor-General of Madrid."

Loud cries of "Shame, shame!" were heard, and great uproar prevailed; the President proposed to arraign General Pavía himself at once, and deprive him of his position. At this juncture the two aides-de-camp left the chamber, and met the General himself, who was in waiting close by. They told him what it was proposed to do to him. "Oh, that is it, is it?" said he; "come along, men." At the head of two trusty regiments—and with officers and soldiers alike, as a rule, Pavía is very popular—the General entered the Cortés, and, at the word of command, the first rank fired a volley into the ceiling above the heads of the diputados. The effect was magical. In a moment the diputados were seen hurrying out as fast as they could, and even leaping over any obstacles, as a

chair or bench, that came in their way. Only one or two foreigners were left in the *Córtes*, and they were courteously escorted home by some of the troops, with their band playing the *Marcha Real* (Royal March) down the thronging streets.

Castelar was summoned to appear, and was asked by General Pavia to form a Ministry, which of course, he could not undertake. Marshal Serrano then appeared, coming from the house of the Russian ambassador.

Outside the *Córtes* the streets were lined with troops. At the head of other streets cannon frowned. Every volunteer was ordered to render up his arms at certain depôts named, and that order was acted upon quietly and instantly. Volunteers were hurrying, arms in hand, to the depôts, and giving up their insignia in the greatest haste.

The Marshal, it is said, rode through one or two of the principal squares and shouted, "*Viva la Republica Española!*" and it is also said, that people, foregoing their favourite term "*democratica federal*," took up the cry "*Viva la Republica de España!*"

Perhaps the populace are weary of all this long-continued unrest, of trade suspended, and lines cut, and posts stopped, and are glad to espouse the first hope of a settled Government. At any rate, the soldiers will be glad of the turn things have taken, and will follow their Generals.

Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit,

we have been saying for a long time, and, it may be, the "*nunc*" has passed, and the "*olim*" is at hand; at any rate, we all thirst for order, justice, and peace, and perhaps these are near at hand.

But there has already been twelve hours' fighting at Zaragoza, between the volunteers and the regulars, resulting in a victory for the latter!

Jan. 6th, 1874.

POSTSCRIPT TO LETTER XI.

"ON THE DECAY OF FAITH IN SPAIN."

FROM a communication sent to the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and forwarded by him to the author of "*Spanish Life and Character*," it would appear that some of the leading members of the committee of the "*Spanish Christian Church*" have taken exception to the following statement in the letter above-mentioned: "He who leaves the one fold in Spain has *no* place to flee unto, and no man cares for *his* soul. In his reading, in his thought, in his hope, in his prayer, in his belief—for *him* there is simple, sheer, utter loneliness; it is *chacun pour soi* in everything."

The writer of the statement complained of here begs to assure the members of the "*Spanish Christian Church*" that he intended neither to disparage nor to ignore their generous and devoted efforts to spread evangelical truth. Before writing his Paper, he had not only made himself acquainted with parts of their good work, but he had also attended some of their places of worship, and joined in the services there performed with sincere gratification.

His reason for not mentioning their labours is simply this: that the centres of Protestant Church life and work are so few and far between that they can hardly be considered as havens for the majority of the Spaniards who have broken with their old faith. What, the writer would ask, is one room set aside for service in one of the largest towns of Spain?

But to the self-devotion and earnestness of many of the members of the "*Spanish Christian Church*," the writer is happy here to bear warm and favourable testimony; and especially he would speak of their success as regards *schools* for the children.

March 7, 1874.

In particulars recently published, of the production of salt in Cheshire, we learn that, in 1871, a million and a half tons of salt were sent out of that country to foreign lands and the home market. The demand increases, and the supply as yet shews no sign of failure,

for the salt district occupies about twenty-six square miles, of which not more than five have hitherto been worked. As a single square yard of surface is reckoned to cover one hundred and twenty tons of salt, it will be understood that the total quantity is amazing.

SHAKESPEARE'S GAMES.—Primer— a game of the same family as piquet—trump, or ruff, the parent of whist—and gleek were the card games chiefly played in England during the age of Shakespeare. But in his youth the playing of cards, except at Christmas, was confined to the upper classes of society. John Heywood, the epigrammatist of Shakespeare's age, was accustomed, according to Camden, to say "that few men played at cardes but at Christmasse, and then almost all, men and boyes." It is quite evident that some such simple foolish game as "noddy" or "beggar my neighbour" would be the highest attainable flight to those who played cards "but at Christmasse." For this reason, and for no natural disinclination to games of chance, we must ascribe Shakespeare's ignorance of cards. For these are things that, if not acquired young, men rarely care to acquire in after life. Had he lived in our days, Shakespeare would have played whist. Our Shakespeare is no dicer either. He mentions the pastime here and there, but brings in none of the slang expressions familiar to dramatists of a similar period. Dicing and card-playing, indeed, came not to full flood in England till the Stuarts came in, and with them a general change of manners and modes of feeling. Shakespeare only saw the opening scenes of this new drama of national life. We find no indications that Shakespeare was a player at tables—our backgammon—or draughts. We are pretty certain that he was not a chess-player. The sole reference we can find to chess is in the "Tempest," act v. scene i. Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered in the cell of Prospero playing at chess. Miranda says: "Sweet lord, you play me false." Ferdinand replies: "No, my dearest love, I would not for the world" No chess-player would have put into the mouths of other players such phrases. "Playing false" at chess has ever been unknown; and a writer conversant with the game would have had no difficulty in finding some pleasant technical allusion for the lovers. Shakespeare seems to have known something of tennis, but does not admire the game, which was somewhat of a modern French importation. The travelled courtiers are called upon to put away "The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings" ("Henry VIII." act i. scene 3). "There falling out at tennis" ("Hamlet," act ii. scene 1). "The old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls" ("Much Ado," act iii. scene 2). He goes somewhat deeply into the technical terms of the game in his "Henry V.," but he is rather driven to that by the traditionary account of the origin of Henry's invasion. The Dauphin sends the young king, in answer to his claim to certain dukedoms of France, a ton of treasure, which turns out to be—tennis balls. Henry rejoins:

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.

Football we should fancy to be too rough a game for gentle Shakespeare. A man who has brains hardly cares to be kicked and knocked down for nothing. We have traced one allusion to the game in "King Lear." Kent, tripping up the heels of Oswald, cries, "Nor tripped neither, you base football-player." That he was a practised sportsman, our knowledge of the busy engrossing nature of his career forbids us to believe; but he had a keen appreciation of the pleasures of the chase. Witness these lines in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," hackneyed and yet ever fresh, where he describes those hounds of Sparta:

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn.

Belgravia.

THE annual Report of the Director of the Imperial Mint at Osaka, Japan, has been published with details, shewing that the Japanese are as active in improving their coinage as in adapting themselves to the new circumstances brought into existence by railways and under-sea telegraphs. The number of gold and silver pieces coined in 1873 was more than twenty-six million, worth more than twenty-nine million dollars. The value of the silver pieces is indicated by Japanese characters on one side, and by Roman numerals on the other. Excellence of quality and workmanship are alike cared for; and by order of the Imperial Minister of Finance, specimens of the metals were sent to England with a request that they might be tested at the Royal Mint. The leading places in the Japanese mint are filled by thirteen Englishmen, who direct the native workmen, and find them apt to learn. Besides coining, they make assays of all kinds of minerals, including coal; and we are informed that laboratories are in successful operation, and that sulphuric acid and nitric acid are manufactured in quantities which will soon render importation from Europe unnecessary. It seems clear that ere long Japan will play an important part in the commerce and arts of the world.

THE German Polar Navigation Society has bought a station on the island of Averø, on the west coast of Norway; this harbour, named Kristvig, is commodious enough to protect all the largest ships of the Society, and will in future be the starting-point for the German scientific expeditions to the Arctic Regions.

Academy